Barnstable Celebration

1639 - 1839.

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Thomas Dawes
from
F. B. Goss
May 10- 1897 Barnstable

THE CAPE COD

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

AT BARNSTABLE,

Sept. 3, 1839,

OF THE INCORPORATION OF THAT TOWN,

Sept. 3, 1639.

GIVING A FULL DETAIL OF THE PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEES, AND THE SPEECHES AND TOASTS AT THE DINNER.

CORRECTLY REPORTED AND REVISED.

BARNSTABLE:
S. B. PHINNEY.

1840.

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BARNSTABLE PATRIOT OFFICE.

PREFACE.

THE GREAT CENTENNIAL AT BARNSTABLE, DEDICATED TO THE PRESENT GENERATION AND TO THEIR POSTERITY IN 1939.

Is it not befitting that the relics of this ever memorable festival should be gathered up and preserved, as a memorial of those who partook of its intellectual bounties, to be transmitted to their descendants, when another Century shall have rolled away? With what delight should we have discovered an ancient pamphlet or manuscript, detailing the doings of the natives of Cape Cod, at the first Centennial observance of its settlement in 1739. No such record exists. Let it be our care that a third Centennial shall not be without such a document, establishing, as we believe this little pamphlet is destined to do, a precedent for all coming time, and going forth, with the force of a decree to posterity "in no case to let that day pass without solemnity, but to celebrate, in every hundredth year, the third day of that ninth month called September."

These considerations and the very general call to preserve the doings of the 3d of September, 1839, in a more acceptable form, than through the scattered files of newspapers, have induced the Publisher to collect all the materials of interest, connected with that occasion, and embody them in a pamphlet, trusting, at least to defray the expense of the labor through those who participated in the pleasures of that day, and others who would have been but were not present. As a proof of the liberality and promptness with which the arrangements were concerted and carried out, it is proper to

record the fact, that after paying every expense incurred, a surplus of about $500 remained of the subscriptions that had been raised to give effect to the celebration.

The following pages contain everything of interest that occurred on that memorable occasion, which gave universal pleasure, and which has been proncunced, by all who witnessed it, as the most fortunate and effective public observance within their recollection. Nor was the pleasure which was so universally enjoyed and so entirely unmarred on that day, trifling or evanescent. The farther we shall be removed from it by time, the more gratifying will it be to recur to it, and read over its details, to revive associations that we shall love to cherish in the pleasant memory of the past.

In addition to the Speeches and Toasts that appeared in the newspapers, the Publisher is indebted to several gentlemen for sentiments and remarks that have not before been published, and he is now able to offer the public a full and corrected account of the entire proceedings.

It was indeed a proud day for Cape Cod, and its moral influences will long be felt in the increased estimate abroad, of the persevering industry and substantial worth of her sons and daughters, which had before been formed rather from the barrenness of her soil, than the development of her social virtues. We do not know of a better recommendation that an enterprising son of the Cape could carry abroad, than one of these pamphlets, with the right to claim Cape Cod as his native soil. May another hundred years find her a hundred fold advanced in frugal prosperity, substantial virtue and social happiness.

Barnstable, Jan. 1, 1840.

NOTICE.

☞*A meeting of the citizens of Barnstable, will be held at the Court House, on* SATURDAY AFTERNOON *next, at 3 o'clock, for the purpose of taking into consideration such measures as may be thought expedient, preparatory to the celebration, in June next, of the second Centennial year of the settlement of Barnstable.*

April 23d, 1839.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

Pursuant to notice published in the Barnstable Patriot, a meeting of the citizens of Barnstable without distinction of party was held at the Court House on Saturday afternoon last, for the purpose of taking measures preparatory to a celebration of the second Centennial year of the incorporation of Barnstable. The meeting was called to order by David Crocker, Esq., and Henry Crocker, Esq., was chosen Chairman, and Nathaniel Hinckley, Esq., Secretary. After some discussion, on motion of David Crocker, Esq., Rev. George W. Woodward, Messrs. Josiah Hinckley, Zenas D. Bassett, Zeno Scudder, and Henry Crocker, were chosen a Committee to procure more particular information relative to the settlement and incorporation of the Town, and report at the adjournment of this meeting. On motion of Mr. David Bursley, Voted, that the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Barnstable and Yarmouth papers.

Adjourned to meet at this place on Wednesday, the 8th of May next, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

HENRY CROCKER, *Chairman.*

Nathaniel Hinckley, *Secretary.*

PUBLIC MEETING.

An adjourned meeting of the citizens of Barnstable, for the purpose of making preparations for the second Centennial Celebration, was held at the Court House on Wednesday Evening, May 8th.

The Rev. Mr. Woodward of a Committee appointed at a former meeting, presented the following

REPORT:

That they have been much embarassed in their investigations by the short time allowed them, it being but ten days, in connection with the fact that no books were to be found in town which would afford any light on the subject. They were obliged to obtain them, by letter, mostly from those valuable institutions whose object is to treasure up the remnants of by-gone days. And they would take this opportunity to say that but for the kind aid and investigations of that venerable Antiquarian, Doctor THACHER, of Plymouth, they must have failed, situated as they were, even of that success which they have been able to meet with.

The only positive authority which they find for the date of the incorporation of this Town, is that of the Rev. Mr. Mellen, in a paper communicated to the Mass. Hist. Soc. and published by them in their collections for the year 1794, (vol. 3. p. 15,) entitled "A Topographical description of the Town of Barnstable"—He says, "There is no account to be found of the first settlement made in this Town. Probably there was none made much before its incorporation, which was September 3d, 1639; but two persons are named in the original grant." The author does not state his authorities, but we may infer, from the last clause, that he had the "original grant" before him, and we find that which confirms his statements strongly, in every particular, though no other authority for the exact day.

Baley, in his "Historical Memoir of Plymouth Colony," gives an account of the settlement of several towns, going back generally to the original purchases from the Indians, but when speaking of Barnstable [vol. 1. p. 299] he begins his account with the removal of the Rev. John Lothrop, with most of his Church, from Scituate to this place, as though this were the first considerable settlement of the town, as it probably was. This removal took place October 11th, 1639, [vide, Mr. Mellen's account—also, Dean's History of Scituate, p. 171—also, Holmes's American Annals, v. 1. p. 311, who says, "Yarmouth and Barnstable, in Plymouth Colony, were settled this year—1639," and adds in a note, "the Church at Scituate was in a broken condition several years. The Rev. John Lothrop, with a part of that Church, removed to Cape Cod, and settled Barnstable, 11th Oct. 1639," and refers to Lothrop's M. S. Records, and President Stiles's M. S. S.]

Baley, likewise when speaking of the law, passed in March, 1638–9 [v. Plymouth Colony Laws, p. 63] authorizing the town to send deputies to the General Court, thus changing the government from a pure democracy to a representative form, says, [v. 1. p. 298] "At the time of the passage of this law there were only three towns in this little Commonwealth, viz.: Plymouth, Scituate and Duxbury. Roxham or Mashfield was yet a part of Duxbury, and Cohannet or Taunton, although settled, and a Church either gathered or about to be gathered, was unincorporated. After the passage of the law, and before the next meeting of the Court, three important settlements were established on Cape Cod, viz.: one at Mattacheest or Cummaquid, called Barnstable, one at Pocassett, called Sandwich, and one at Mattacheest, called Yarmouth." And then, farther on, speaking of "the first representative legislative assembly in

General Court," who met June 4, 1639, [v. Colony Laws, p. 63] the first meeting after the passage of the above law, he gives the names of the deputies, or representatives, from Plymouth, Duxbury, Scituate, Taunton, Sandwich and Yarmouth, and says, "Barnstable was not represented in this Court until December, and then Mr. Joseph Hull and Mr. Thomas Dimmack appeared as deputies."

We find, from the Plymouth Colony Laws, [p. 63–64] that there was a General Court held in September of this year, and an order passed at the same, "allowing the townships within the goverment to meet together, and to make such orders as shall be needful for the maintenance of good neighborhood, and to set penalties upon delinquents." All of which, taken in connection with the abstract and imperfect form of these published doings of the Court, affords a strong presumption that this might have been the precise time of the incorporation of this town, thus confirming the statements of Mr. Mellen as above.

In conclusion, your Committee would simply say, that they have met with no one fact, or authority, which would serve to invalidate the authenticity of this date, Sept. 3, 1639, given by Mr. Mellen, as that on which the town was incorporated. All the evidence which they have met with, serves to show that there could have been very little of a settlement before that date; none sufficient to mark any prominent point in the history of the town; and also, that it must have been incorporated not far from the date which he gives. These facts, together with the very respectable authority of the Rev. Mr. Mellen, seem to them fully to warrant the fixing upon the said Sept. 3d, 1639, as the date of the incorporation of this town, the earliest prominent date in its history, and therefore the one which should be taken, on which to celebrate its anniversary; and also, equally to

prohibit the selection of any earlier, or other day for that purpose.

All which is respectfully submitted.

GEO. W. WOODWARD, *Chairman.*

On motion of David Crocker, Esq. it was then

Voted, That the *two hundredth* anniversary of the settlement of the town of Barnstable, be celebrated on the *third day of September next*. And it was thereupon

Resolved, That a Committee of ten be appointed on the part of the citizens of the town of Barnstable to make the necessary arrangements for an appropriate celebration of the 200th anniversary of the incorporation of said Town on the 3d of September next—and that said Committee have full power to make selection of an Orator, and to make all other arrangements for the occasion, without calling another meeting of the citizens, unless they shall think such meeting expedient—and, whereas much interest has been manifested by many natives of Barnstable County, now resident in Boston, in the contemplated celebration of the settlement of the shire town of their native County, therefore

Resolved, That the said Committee be requested to invite the co-operation of such citizens of Boston, by a Committee, or otherwise, in making selection of the Orator, and in all the arrangements for the said celebration.

Voted, That the citizens of the other towns in this County, and the residents of any other towns or cities, who are natives of Barnstable County, are invited to join in the celebration.

Messrs. Eben Bacon, Zeno Scudder, Warren Marchant, S. B. Phinney and Isaac Chipman were appointed a Committee to nominate the aforesaid Committee of Arrangements

—and they subsequently nominated for that Committee Messrs.

David Crocker,	Nymphas Marston,
Henry Crocker,	S. B. Phinney,
Eben Bacon,	Stephen C. Nye,
Zeno Scudder,	William Lewis, and
Zenas D. Bassett,	Warren Marchant,

and they were chosen.

Messrs. Josiah Hinckley, David Bursley and David Crocker were appointed a Committee to report a list of citizens of Boston, with whom the Committee of Arrrangements be directed to correspond relative to the celebration —and they subsequently reported the names of Messrs. William Sturgis, Benjamin F. Hallett, Thomas Gray, Geo. Hallet, Joshua Sears, Francis Bacon and John L. Dimmock, which report was accepted.

Voted, That the Committee of Arrangements be authorized to fill all vacancies that may occur in their number.

Voted, That the proceedings of this meeting, signed by the Chairman and Secretary, together with the Report presented by the Rev. Mr. Woodward, be published in the County papers.

HENRY CROCKER, *Chairman.*

Nathaniel Hinckley, *Secretary.*

FOREFATHERS OF BARNSTABLE.

The following interesting sketch of the first settlers of Barnstable, who were also among the most prominent men of the first New England Colonies, is taken from the Boston Mercantile Journal, the editor of which says, that it was written by "a friend who is familiar with the early history of the Massachusetts and Plymouth Colonies." It cannot

fail of being acceptable to all who feel an interest in the history of men and matters connected with the settlement of this or any other of the Cape towns. We have some reason to feel a degree of pride in those sterling men who were the progenitors of Barnstable. They belonged to that noble band of Christians and patriots who were the founders of New England, and to whom she owes, by the blessing of God, her present moral and intellectual superiority, as well as much of her wealth and enterprise through the medium of commerce and agriculture, which they promoted. If the forefathers of Barnstable were among the distinguished of their day, so have been some of her sons. The Hon. Harrison Gray Otis, Rev. Professor Palfrey, Chief Justice Shaw, the late lamented Attorney General Davis, are natives or immediately descended from natives of the town:

"Barnstable was incorporated in 1639, but had then been settled some time by a few families. Rev. Mr. Lothrop removed there in that year from Scituate, where he had resided over four years, with most of his church; the following named were among them:—Anthony Annable, one of the first settlers of Scituate, Henry Cobb, who had lived sometime before in Plymouth, George Lewis, J. Cooper, Isaac Robinson, son of the celebrated John Robinson, Pastor of the Leyden Church, B. Lombard, Henry Bourne, Samuel Hinckley, father of Gov. Thomas Hinckley, Thomas Dimmock, William Parker, John Allen, Henry Ewell, Robert Shelly, J. Crocker, Isaac Wells, Edward Casley. Mr. Lothrop was a learned and pious divine. Thomas Hinckley was chosen an assistant in Plymouth Colony in 1653, and in 1681 was elected Governor on the death of Josiah Winslow. Mr. Hinckley was an able and faithful Chief Magistrate of the Colony; and when Plymouth was united with Massachusetts, 1692, he was

appointed one of the Council. He was also one of Sir Edmund Andros's Council in 1686, '7, '8, and some one has expressed surprise that he occupied the trust under that arbitrary Governor. But he did not consent to the measures of Andros, and very seldom attended the meetings of the Council after the first. This was also the case with Bradford, Barnabas Lothrop and John Walley, who were the other Councillors from Plymouth Colony. They never attended more than one or two of the meetings. Most of the Councillors of Massachusetts also absented themselves, as they did not approve of the conduct of the Governor. It was said that all was planned and ordered by Andros, his creature Randolph and four others, were also the tools of his will. J——— D———y was one of them.

"Gov. Hinckley died some time in the year 1706, at the age of 85 or 88. Gov. Hutchinson says, aged 74, but it is a mistake, probably a typographical error. One writer says he was 88, and another 85—one of these is probably correct, and eight be five, or five eight. If either of these be correct, he was then born in 1618 or 1621. If this be admitted, then Rev. Mr. Mellen in his history of Barnstable, is mistaken in saying he was a native of that town. Then also is the writer of a history of Scituate mistaken. The father came to New England with or about the same time with the Rev. Mr. Lothrop, which was in 1634. Even then, if Hutchinson is correct, Gov. Hinckley was not born in New England. Rev. Thomas Prince, the New England Annalist, says he was 85, and he is the best authority, for he was very accurate and had possession of Gov. Hinckley's papers after his death, and was, I think, his grandson. Gov. Hinckley long had the care of the Indians on the Cape, and was always anxious for their improvement, and the protection of their rights, and they were numerous there in early times. Gov. Bradford, in 1622, describes Janough,

the Sachem, as of a mild and gentle spirit. Rev. Experience Mayhew, father of the celebrated Dr. Jona. Mayhew, married a daughter of Gov. Hinckley — but the mother of Dr. Mayhew was a Bourne, and his second wife.

"Major Walley was an able and brave man, second in command under Sir Wm. Phips, in the expedition against the French in Canada, 1690—1691. Walley was also in higher civil office for several years. He removed to Bristol, R. I., but then within the limits of Massachusetts, and afterwards to Boston, where he died in 1710, or 1711. The sons of Rev. Mr. Lothrop were very respectable — one or more moved to Connecticut (Norwich) and their descendants have been useful and eminent citizens. James Otis was a native of Barnstable. His father, James Otis, was also a public character, and an ardent patriot. His character was self made, for he was a mechanic in early life — but rose to be a Judge of a Court, a Representative, and one of the Council for several years. He was a leading character in the Old Colony in 1775–1776. His son is well recollected as the most eloquent advocate for the rights of the people, at that critical time, and one of whom the British agents stood most in fear. For he was learned as well as eloquent, and could show that their measures were arbitrary, and an infringement on the rights of British subjects.

"In olden times, the West parish was the most populous; it was indeed the first, and for many years the only one in the town. It was called Great Marshes, on account of very extensive salt marshes there, which was one great inducement with Mr. Lothrop and his people to settle there. But the East part of the town is now the *court end* — there is the Court House and the other public buildings of the County, and it is now far the most compact and populous."

B.

BARNSTABLE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

We give annexed, the proceedings of a meeting of citizens of Boston and vicinity, who are natives, of Cape Cod, held at the Supreme Court Room, Boston, on the 5th June, for the purpose of adopting measures of co-operation with the resident citizens of Barnstable for celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of its incorporation.

At a meeting of the citizens of Boston and vicinity, native-born of Barnstable County, and their descendants, held at the Supreme Court Room, June 5th, 1839, with reference to the observance of the 200th Anniversary of the Incorporation of Barnstable, Hon. William Sturgis was chosen Chairman, and B. F. Hallet, Secretary. The following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That as Cape Cod Bostonians we dearly cherish the good old frugal soil of our nativity, and will most heartily co-operate with our fellow citizens of Barnstable, in the observance of the 200th anniversary of its settlement on the 3d of September, to which they have so kindly invited us.

Resolved, That a Committee of nine be appointed to take the necessary measures to give efficiency to the true meaning and intent of the foregoing Resolution; and Messrs. William Sturgis, B. F. Hallet, Thomas Gray, George Hallet, Joshua Sears, Francis Bacon, John L. Dimmock, Lemuel Pope and Benjamin Burgess, were appointed the Committee.

Resolved, That we tender to our fellow citizens of Barnstable, all the facilities we can afford them, in enabling them to give effect to the day.

Voted, That the Committee communicate the proceedings of this meeting to the Committee at Barnstable.

Voted, That the Committee call an adjourned meeting to report progress when they think proper.

Voted, That these proceedings be published in the papers of this city and of Barnstable County.

WILLIAM STURGIS, *Chairman.*

B. F. HALLET, *Secretary.*

[Extract from the Barnstable Patriot of July 31.]

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY.

As the time approaches for our Grand Jubilee, the interest therein increases. The preparations making are intended to be commensurate with the company expected, and the hilarity which the occasion calls for. The Address, which is to be by Professor PALFREY, will be at the Meeting House, which is to be fitted for the occasion. The large windows of the same are to be removed and additional wings on either side to be added. We learn that the Committee for procuring the erection of a Pavilion for the Dinner, have contracted to have one erected near the Court House for the accommodation of from 1000 to 1200 persons, for the lease of which for the occasion they have agreed to give $800. It is to be 112 feet long by 88 feet wide.

The Committee of Arrangements for the Ball in the evening, have also contracted for the erection of another Pavilion for dancing merely, to be 75 feet long and to be attached to the south end of the Court House, of the same width with the Court House, 40 feet. For the lease of this building for the occasion, they are to give $325. The builders of these Pavilions are to remove them directly after the day of the celebration—the above sums are only for the use of the buildings on the occasion. The Ball Committee

have also procured the liberty of the County Commissioners to use the numerous rooms of the Court House for saloons, dressing and refreshment rooms, &c. for the Ball—and the building to be attached is for dancing exclusively.

The escort duty of the day is to be performed by the New England Guards of Boston, accompanied by the Brass Band. The same Band is to perform at the Ball in the evening.

Tickets for the dinner are deposited with the following persons for sale, viz:

Henry Crocker, Eben Bacon, S. B. Phinney, } Barnstable.
Stephen C. Nye, West Barnstable.
Z. D. Basset, Hyannis.
Warren Marchant, Osterville.
Luther Hinckley, Marston's Mills.
Joel Powers, William Loring, } Sandwich.
Richard S. Wood, Falmouth.
Amos Otis, Jr., Yarmouth.
Nehemiah Baker, South Dennis.
Judah Paddock, East Dennis.
Jeremiah Mayo, Brewster.
Simeon Higgins, Orleans.
Samuel P. Bourne, Harwich.
Samuel Small, Chatham.
Ebenezer S. Smith, Provincetown.
Scudder & Parker, Nantucket.

Persons who intend participating in the celebration, are requested to purchase their tickets without delay, as the number is limited, and no tickets will be sold after the 20th of August. No provision can be made to accommodate a greater number of persons than has already been made. All persons having tickets on sale, are requested to make returns to Eben Bacon, Esq., on or before the 29th of

August next. Tickets for Gentlemen, - $1 50
Do. for Ladies, - - - 1 00

[Extract from the Barnstable Patriot of Aug. 7.]

CENTENNIAL.

The interest in our Grand Jubilee increases daily. The Pavilion for dining and that for dancing, are both going up. The Committee of Arrangements finding the sale of tickets for the dinner more rapid than was anticipated, and fearing that their preparations for the accommodation of the guests would not be sufficient, have contracted for the erection of the Pavilion on a larger plan than was first anticipated, so as to accommodate three or four hundred more persons. We advise our friends, far and near, to secure their tickets early.

The arrangements for the Ball in the evening are also being made on the most liberal scale.

The Collation is to be provided by the Committee in Boston, who have contracted, we understand, to do the handsome thing in that respect; as also to furnish the refreshments for the Ball, &c.

Our young ladies are also on the *qui vive*—and are making preparations for dressing and decorating the dancing Pavilion and Saloon in a tasteful and appropriate manner.

The Steamer Bangor is to leave Boston on the Saturday previous to the celebration, with the New England Guards, the Brass Band, and other guests, and will return on Sunday, to leave again for Barnstable on Monday, with those who shall seasonably procure passage in her. She will leave here again on Wednesday after the celebration, for Boston.

List of the Committees for the arrangements to celebrate, and of the Officers who are to participate in the Jubilee on the 3d of September.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

David Crocker,
Nymphas Marston,
Henry Crocker,
Stephen C. Nye,
Warren Marchant,
Z. D. Bassett,
Josiah Hinckley,
Eben Bacon,
S. B. Phinney,
Zeno Scudder,

of Barnstable.

William Sturgis,
Benjamin F. Hallet,
Thomas Gray,
George Hallet,
Joshua Sears,
Lemuel Pope,
Benjamin Burgess,
John L. Dimmock,
Francis Bacon,

of Boston.

CHIEF MARSHAL,

Henry Crocker.

AIDS.

John L. Dimmock,
William A. Lewis,
Z. D. Bassett,
S. B. Phinney.

MARSHALS,

David Bursley,
Nathaniel Hinckley,
Isaac Chipman,
Enoch T. Cobb,
Job Handy,
Freeman Howland,
Daniel Basset,
Thomas Stetson, Jr.,
Watson Freeman,
Thomas W. Sears,
Lemuel B. Simmons,
Thomas Holmes,
Sidney Ainsworth,
John C. Crocker,
Barnabas Davis,
Samuel S. Crocker,

Thomas B. Pope,
Charles C. Bearse,
George Jenkins,
Elisha Atkins,
William Hawes,
Luther Hinckley,
Warren Marchant,
Joseph A. Davis,
Albert Alden,
Seth Parker, Jr.,
Thomas Crocker, Jr.,
Frederick Lewis,
Ferdinand G. Kelley.

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY,

Hon. Nymphas Marston.

VICE PRESIDENTS,

David Crocker,
Robert Bacon,
Benjamin Rich,
William Lewis,
Lemuel Pope,
Ezra Crocker,
George Hallet,
Ezra A. Bourne,
Benjamin Burgess,
Thomas Percival,
Matthew Cobb,
Benjamin Bangs,
Prince Hawes,
John Munroe,
Josiah Sampson,
Daniel C. Bacon,
Josiah Hinckley,
Walter Crocker,
Charles Marston,
Thomas Thacher,
Stephen C. Nye,
Zeno Scudder.

ORATOR,

John Gorham Palfrey, D. D.

CHAPLAIN,

Rev. George W. Woodward.

TOAST MASTER,

Benjamin F. Hallet.

TOAST COMMITTEE,

Benjamin F. Hallet,
Henry Crocker,
Joshua Sears.
Zeno Scudder,
John L. Dimmock,

COMMITTEE TO PROCURE COLLATION.

William Sturgis,
George Hallet,
Benjamin F. Hallet.
John L. Dimmock,
Eben Bacon,

MANAGERS OF THE BALL.

Francis Bacon,
Thomas Gray,
F. W. Crocker,
Adolphus Davis,
Horace Scudder,
S. B. Phinney,
Warren Marchant,
Ebenezer H. Eldridge,
Jacob G. Hallett,
James Davis, Jr.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

The Committee of Arrangements for the 2d Centennial Celebration of the 3d of September next, respectfully give notice to their constituents and fellow citizens, that they have agreed on the following plan: All persons wishing to join in the Celebration, will assemble at the *Old Court House* and its immediate vicinity, punctually at 9 o'clock, where marshals will be in attendance to form a procession, which will move to the Meeting House, where an address will be delivered by Professor JOHN G. PALFREY. The best and most extensive arrangements have been made for the accommodation of the largest number possible at the

Church. Marshals will be in attendance at 9 o'clock, at the church, to conduct ladies and aged and infirm gentlemen who are unable to join the procession, to seats reserved for them. Although *all* cannot obtain seats at the church, the committee trust and hope *all* will join in the procession on this most interesting occasion. Henry Crocker, Esq. has been appointed Chief Marshal, and the order and route of the procession will be duly made known by him. After the ceremonies at the church, the procession will again be formed, composed of the persons who are to partake of a collation in a spacious pavilion, erected for the occasion; the order of this procession will also be made known by the Chief Marshal. DAVID CROCKER, *Chairman.*

Eben Bacon, *Secretary.*

Aug. 21st, 1839.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

Barnstable, Sept. 3d, 1839.

FIRST PROCESSION.

The Committee of Arrangements and those gentlemen to whom have been assigned offices for the day and invited guests will assemble at the *Old Court House;* and all those who intend to join the procession, will assemble in the street east of the same, where a procession will be formed *precisely* at 9 o'clock, by the marshals, and when formed will move up the street, and counter-march and proceed to the Meeting House, agreeably to the following order.

Having appointed John L. Dimmock, William A. Lewis, Z. D. Basset, and S. B. Phinney, Esqr's, as aids for the day, their orders, as such, are to be respectfully obeyed.

HENRY CROCKER, *Chief Marshal.*

ORDER OF FIRST PROCESSION.

(From the Old Court House to the Meeting House.)

Escort.
Chief Marshal and Aids.
Marshal.—President of the Day, Orator and Chaplains.—Marshal.
Sheriff of the County of Barnstable.

Marshal.	Governor of the Commonwealth and Aids.	Marshal.
	Lieutenant Governor, Treasurer, and Secretary of State.	
Marshal.	Adjutant General, and Speaker of the House of Representatives, Chief Justices and Associate Justices of the Supreme Judicial Courts, and Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas, Senators and Representatives in Congress and other invited Guests, four abreast.	Marshal.
Marshal.	Vice Presidents, four abreast, Chairman of Committee of Arrangements, Committee of Arrangements.	Marshal.
Marshals.	Natives and descendants of Cape Cod, Citizens and Strangers.	Marshals.

ORDER OF EXERCISES AT THE CHURCH.

I

VOLUNTARY BY THE BAND.

II

INTRODUCTORY PRAYER,

BY REV. GEORGE W. WOODWARD.

III

ODE.—THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

BY MRS. HEMANS. *Tune—Pilgrim Fathers.*

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tost;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conquerer comes,
They, the true hearted came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
—They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

IV

PRAYER,

BY REV. FREEMAN PARKER, OF WISCASSET.

V

HYMN.

From the Collection of Sternhold and Hopkins, A. D. 1609, as used by the Pilgrims.

TUNE—Coronation.

1. Attend my people to my lawe,
and to my words incline;
My mouth shall speake strange parables,
and sentences diuine;

2. Which we our selves have heard and learnd,
euen of ovr fathers old,
And which for our instruction,
ovr fathers haue vs told,—

3. That they and their posteritie,
that were not sprung vp tho:
Should haue the knowledge of the lawe,
and teach their seede also.
4. That they may haue the better hope,
In God that is aboue:
And not forget to keepe his lawes,
and his precepts in loue.

5. For of his holy couenant,
aye mindful was he tho:
Which to his seruant Abraham,
he plighted long agoe.
6. He brought the people forth with mirth,
and his elect with joy:
Out of the cruell land, where they,
had liued in great annoy.

7. And of the heathen men he gaue,
to them the fruitfull lands:
The labour of the people eke,
they tooke into their hands.
8. That they his holy statutes might,
obserue for euermore:
And faithfully obey his lawes,
prayse ye the Lord therefore.

9. Giue prayses then to God the Lord,
and call vpon his name:
Among the people eke declare,
his workes to spread his fame.
10. Sing ye vnto the Lord I say,
and sing vnto his prayse:
And talke of all his wondrous workes,
that he hath wrought alwayes.

VI

ADDRESS,

BY JOHN G. PALFREY, D. D., L. L. D.

VII

ORIGINAL ODE—BY A NATIVE.

TUNE—Old Hundred.

When o'er th' horizon's utmost verge
  With straining eyes, a pilgrim band,
Devoutly, ere another day,
  Prayed they might see "the promised land;"—
What rapture thrill'd throughout their souls,
  As with the earliest streak of light,
These barren shores and snow-clad hills,
  Broke on their long expectant sight!

What aspirations then arose
  Of mingled gratitude and prayer,—
And how pealed forth their hymns of praise,
  Upon the frosty morning air:—
Their perils on the stormy sea,
  Their homes beyond the heaving main,
Were all forgotten in the joy,
  With which they greeted land again.

Lo! after Centuries have passed
  Since they were gathered to the tomb,
Another and a numerous host,
  To the same shores doth gaily come;—
Those were our Sires! that host are we!
  Of all their toil and thrift the heirs,
God grant our memories be bles'd,
  As we this day do hallow theirs.

No empty tribute do we bear,
  No cold and heartless homage bring,
For round their altars and their graves,
  Our earliest recollections cling:
Look down then, spirits of the just,—
  Ye who here lived and toiled and died,
We greet anew our native soil,
  And ye, its glory and its pride.

VIII

BENEDICTION.

SECOND PROCESSION.

The Committee of Arrangements, invited Guests, and gentlemen who have accepted offices on the occasion, and Gentlemen accompanied by Ladies, will assemble at the Meeting House; and all others who are provided with tickets to the Collation, will assemble at the Masonic Hall, and at the rooms under the same. The Procession will be formed *precisely* at ONE o'clock, by the Marshals, in front of the Meeting House, and will be divided into *four* divisions, each to be headed by a Marshal and numbered. As soon as formed, it will move down the street, Eastward, there counter-march, and proceed to the enclosed ground of the Pavilion. The head of each division will halt opposite the entrance numbered to correspond with it; and will enter the Pavilion two abreast under the particular direction of the Marshals, *delivering their tickets to the officers stationed at the entrance.*

The Pavilion is so constructed that all can be well situated' and every person will be seated within a convenient distance of the center, and facing the same. There will be no occasion, therefore, for any haste and pressing for seats; and as the arrangements will be much interrupted by such haste, and confusion ensue, the Marshals respectfully request the co-operation of all present in maintaining that decorum and good order for which the natives and descendants of Cape Cod are every where distinguished.

The following will be the order of Procession.

HENRY CROCKER, *Chief Marshal.*

ORDER OF SECOND PROCESSION

[From the Meeting House to the Pavilion.]

Escort.

First Division.

Chief Marshal and Aids.

Marshal.—President of the Day, Orator and Chaplains.—Marshal.

Sheriff of the County of Barnstable.

Marshal.	Governor of the Commonwealth and Aids.	
	Lieutenant Governor, Treasurer and Secretary of State.	Marshal.
Marshal.	Adjutant General, and Speaker of the House of Representatives, Chief Justices and Associate Justices of the Supreme Judicial Courts, and Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas, Senators and Representatives in Congress, and other invited Guests, four abreast.	Marshal.
Marshal.	Vice Presidents, four abreast,	
	Chairman of Committee of Arrangements, Committee of Arrangements.	Marshal.

Second Division.

Marshal.

Marshals.	Gentlemen and Ladies, four abreast.	Marshals.

Third Division.

Marshal.

Marshals.	Natives and descendants of Cape Cod, four abreast.	Marshals.

Fourth Division.

Marshal.

Marshals.	Citizens and Strangers, four abreast.	Marshals.

Note.—To prevent confusion, and particularly to guard against accidents, owners and drivers of all horses and carriages are requested to remove the same from the street on the routes during the passage of this as well as the preceding procession.

THE CAPE COD CENTENNIAL AT BARNSTABLE.

The following account of the day appeared in the Barnstable Patriot of September 4th, written by B. F. Hallet, Esq., Toast Master: 1839

The day has passed in all its brilliancy and beauty, and gloriously animated spirit, and in a manner worthy to make it the connecting link between the present and the past, and to be remembered until our posterity shall seek to emulate it at the end of another century. It gives a new date to the history and the fame of Cape Cod, and if her sons were before proud of their origin, they will henceforth stand a tiptoe in the exultation of honorable and manly pride, when this day is named in connection with their participation in its brilliant and thrilling enjoyments. Not a speck obscured the horizon, and the softness and splendor of the atmosphere which seemed to have been given by a beneficent Providence as an approval of the pious, filial duty we were paying to the memory of our illustriously *untitled* Ancestors, was only equalled by the smiles and the brilliancy of the thousand charming daughters of the Cape, and their friends from abroad, who on this occasion so delightfully participated in the festivities, as our pilgrim mothers did in the trials and heroic endurance of the *physically* stronger sex.

We hail this as a new and interesting element in our public celebrations, and as restoring to woman her equal rights to *enjoy* as well as to *suffer* with man. It was most happily and felicitously alluded to by several of the eloquent speakers during the festivities.

But we must go back to detail. And where to begin or end in the midst of materials to fill a volume, of delightful recollections in which all the taste of beauty, and the full force of manly energy and liberality were employed and well employed in adding ornament and zest to this high

moral and intellectual entertainment; this charming "family party," this great "centennial thanksgiving," as it was happily styled by the president of the day. We can only say, in general terms, that all were happy, because each was resolved to make others happy. From this time forward, we shall be the advocate of union with the ladies in all public celebrations as well as in all domestic relations.

The severe storm which preceded the time set apart for this festival but added to its enjoyments by the agreeable contrast in the weather and in the expectations of the participators of the scene. It was like the genial summer that followed the dreary November landing of the Fathers at Paomet on the end of the Cape, and was as thankfully received.

The storm of Saturday unavoidably prevented the steamboat Bangor, Capt. Howes, a true Cape Cod man, from making her proposed trip on that day; but the only inconvenience arising from it was that the New England Guards with the Brass Band were obliged to charter a packet on Saturday, in which they arrived from Boston on Sunday, having seen pretty severe service in the Bay. This, however, did not damp their ardor nor diminish the effect their gallant escort gave to the day. They were received without salute or parade, from a just respect to the Sabbath. The like propriety was observed on the arrival of the Revenue Cutter Hamilton, Captain Sturgis, the same day. The Guards encamped on Sunday evening, some distance east of the Meeting House, where they held their headquarters during their encampment.

Monday presented a gay and gallant scene. In the forenoon a national salute was exchanged between the citizens and the Cutter, the old Barnstable field piece being used by the former. At four o'clock in the afternoon the Steamer Bangor arrived, having left Boston at 9 o'clock, A. M., and

came majestically into the harbor. Salutes were fired from the field pieces on shore, and by the Cutter in the harbor, and were answered from the Boat with her gaily crowded decks. The shores and hills and wharves were lined with spectators and vehicles that gave life to the beautiful picture presented by the smooth waters of the bay and harbor, on which rested the Steamer, the Cutter, and other craft, with their flags flying and waking the echoes with the smart reports of the cannon. What a contrast with the landing on the 11th of November, 1620, in Provincetown harbor! The moment the Steamer dropped her anchor, Captain Sturgis, with the admirable promptness and precision which distinguished all his movements on this occasion, received Governor Everett and two of his Aids with other gentlemen, in his gig, and landed them at the wharf, which was within a short distance from the anchorage. Chief Justice Shaw and other guests, with the Boston Committee of Arrangements soon followed. The disembarking was speedidly accomplished in large flat bottomed boats, provided by the Committee for this service, which was most conveniently performed. There was a cordial greeting and hearty shaking of hands on the landing, between the returning emigrants and the permanent natives of the soil, and there were also hundreds there, of the former, who had anticipated the passage in the Steamboat, and who had come from almost every section of the Union, to mingle congratulations upon their mother soil.

The Governor was conveyed to the residence of Captain Daniel C. Bacon; Judge Shaw to that of David Crocker, Esq.; and every door was opened in hospitable welcome to the 'coming guests.' The Cape Cod ladies, God bless them! had not only devoted all the taste and assiduity required in decorating the Hall, and in adding elegance and ornament to the general preparations for the day and evening, but the

neat and quiet housewifery, in which they cannot be surpassed, was employed, in liberal profusion, in providing for the strangers the comforts of home, which they so well knew how to dispense.

In the evening of Monday, the Brass Band gave some of their most spirited touches, upon Meeting House Hill, where the Parish Company was trained, preparatory to their march for Lexington, on the first news that British musquets had drawn American blood.

Tuesday morning, the day (which opened gloriously and continued benignly to the last ray of sunlight, followed by a night as lovely as ever smiled on earth) was signalled by a grand salute and the ringing of the village bells; and then the great gathering began. Never were the quiet streets and fields of Barnstable so densely populated. It was a living, moving mass, as if Boston Common on a great gala day had been dropped down among us; but the scene and the associations, as well as the admirable order and propriety of the great assemblage, made up, we must be allowed to say, a more attractive and morally sublime picture.

The arrangements for the celebration were perfect and ample in all their parts. The Dining Pavilion, was on the plan of the great Pavilion on Boston Common in 1835, upon which it was an improvement in convenience. It was erected under the superintendence of Capt. Zenas D. Basset, to whom great credit is due for the perfect manner in which every part of it was arranged. To his care in its erection the company were indebted, that all the arrangements for the day were not frustrated by the destruction of the Pavilion in the terrible gale of Friday night, which prostrated fences and buildings all around it. It was almost marvellous that the vast roof was not lifted by the fury of the storm, and scattered to the four winds. Some injury was done to the canvass, but it was readily repaired on Monday,

after the storm, toward which, and its decorations by National flags and mottoes, Captain Sturgis of the Cutter, (whom we also claim as a genuine Cape Codder) most essentially contributed, with the volunteer aid of his gallant crew of seamen. To these last are due an honorable mention for their volunteer service in keeping night watch at the Pavilion, and in performing, in fact, the whole police service of the day.

Can stronger proof be given of the self respect which preserved universal decorum among the congregated thousands, than that this little body of seamen were the only semblance of a police or guard employed to keep order. And yet not an impropriety or an act of rudeness occurred that can be remembered. But the fact is, the *ladies* were the real *police*, and to their presence is mainly to be attributed the admirable propriety and decorum of the festival.

The Dining Pavilion covered an area on a well selected spot, west of the Court House, of 130 feet square, containing tables with single seats, arranged in eight sections in a circular form, so that all the occupants were seated fronting the platform. The pillars were wreathed with flags, which also encircled the railings of the platform for the officers and guests, and the Orchestra raised in the centre for the Band. Mottoes were hung around the sides bearing the names of Washington, Franklin, Adams, Warren, Hancock, Jefferson, Lafayette, Kosciusco, &c., to which should have been added the names of some of the Pilgrims who first landed on Cape Cod. The names of the thirteen Cape towns were also conspicuous, with the mottoes, '*Our Country and our Constitution*,'—'*What our Fathers Achieved may their sons ever protect.*'

At 9 o'clock the *masculine* procession began to be formed at the Old Court House, in the form designated in the

orders of the day, and proceeded in an extended line, under escort of the New England Guards, Captain G. T. Bigelow, through the main Street to the Meeting House, which however, was much better occupied by the ladies, except a few reserved seats. Temporary wings were erected on each side, which accommodated some hundreds, beside the entire mass condensed inside, while thousands covered the hills and streets, who could find no entrance. This difficulty it was impossible to avoid as no building could hold the assembly, and the Pavilion could not be used for this purpose. We believe it was the universal observation of all strangers that the deportment of this crowded auditory, was a model in propriety for similar assemblages.

The order of exercises in the Meeting House, were a voluntary by the Band, introductory prayer, by Rev. George W. Woodward, pastor of the Parish; Mrs. Hemans's Ode on the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, by the Choir; Prayer by Rev. Freeman Parker of Wiscasset, Me., a native of Barnstable; and an old version from a veritable edition of 1609, of Sternhold & Hopkins, as used by the Pilgrims, to the tune of Coronation.

"Attend my people to my lawe,
and to my words incline;
My mouth shall speak strange parables,
and sentences diuine."

It was proposed that a venerable gentleman should *deacon* off the Hymn in old style, but it was found it would occupy too much time in this part of the services.

The Discourse followed, by Professor John Gorham Palfrey, (who is of Cape Cod descent by the maternal side) and occupied two hours and a half. Yet though time was precious, not one who heard this admirable address regretted a moment spent in listening to its attractive and curious details, and its rich and beautiful passages of pure eloquence. It will form one of the richest fragments of

historical collections growing out of these memorable occasions, on which the living have assembled to brush the dust from off the graves of their Ancestors, and revive pious, filial recollections of their great and good example.

The Committee have requested a copy for publication, and we trust that others will be able to participate in the pleasure those enjoyed who listened to this agreeable and eloquent discourse.

From the Meeting House the procession of ladies and gentlemen moved, under escort, to the Pavilion. The arrangements, by dividing off sections corresponding to the divisions of the tables, were perfect, and this great "family party" of just 1458 persons were all quietly and comfortably seated, on arriving at the Pavilion, in less than 15 minutes. The chief marshal, Henry Crocker, Esq., and his assistants, performed their parts with the precision of thorough drill officers, but they owe as much to the kind and polite disposition with which they were seconded by the company, as to their own skill, which was ample, for this usually most difficult service. Not a vehicle nor an individual interfered with the procession in its whole route.

When the company were all seated, the whole presented a magnificent picture. The ladies, about equally interspersed among the gentlemen, sat uncovered in all their brilliancy and beauty, forming a charming relief to the stiff appearance of an indiscriminate mass of broadcloth coats, which usually make up these public festivals. With the minute attention to every item that marked the accommodations for the day, hooks were provided under the seats, where the ladies' bonnets were securely disposed. There was ample room in the seats and sufficient space in the passages for the trig and attentive waiters, in their white jackets, to serve the tables.

The set out was beautiful, all the service being of white

china on white cloths, which made a most agreeably uniform show, the tables gradually descending from behind toward the platform in the centre, parallel with which were two seats in an extended line occupied by the Guards, who had a commanding view of the whole, and formed an imposing martial back ground to fill up the picture.

Mr. Wright, of the Tontine House, Boston, who catered for the occasion, had made most excellent and ample provision, and performed his service even beyond the expectations of the committee, and to the entire satisfaction of the guests and company. There was not an item of this part of the arrangement in which there was an omission or a failure. We certainly never saw a public dinner better, if so well served up and attended, and can confidently recommend Mr. Wright for any like festival.

Grace was invoked by the Rev. Mr. Parker, and thanks returned by the Rev. Mr. Woodward. The president of the day, Judge Marston, opened the intellectual dessert by an apt and appropriate welcome to the emigrants, of which the following is a copy:

Friends and Fellow Citizens:

I presume that in the heart of every one who hears me, I shall meet with an affirmative response, when I say that we are here under the most pleasant and auspicious circumstances.

We are assembled to celebrate the *birthday*, if I may so speak, of this ancient town of Barnstable, and to hold a Cape Cod jubilee.

This is called an *ancient* town, and yet it is but *two hundred years* old — a short period in the long lapse of time. But in this brief space of *two hundred years*, what wonderful changes have been wrought in this our New World! I speak not of the populous and busy cities and

villages that have arisen as if by magic, but the whole land has become "as the garden of the Lord"—pleasant to look upon, delightful to dwell in, the happy abode of a free and prosperous people. How much has been done by the patriotism and enterprise of the natives of Cape Cod and their descendants, in bringing about this result, I forbear to say; but it has been partly shown in the interesting and eloquent oration, to which we have this day listened.

In this period of *two hundred years* how numerous have become the descendants of the people of this town and county, and how widely scattered over the face of our land and the world. They are found in every country and in every clime, in every city and on every sea, in every State of our Union, and, I might almost say, in every town. Under these circumstances the happy thought arose, to invite the sons and daughters of Cape Cod home, to hold a great family festival—a New England Centennial Thanksgiving—to interchange friendly and social congratulations—to commune upon the past, and to contemplate and commemorate the virtues, the deeds and the sufferings of our puritan ancestors, who pioneered the way to this goodly heritage which we now enjoy. How this invitation has been responded to, this assemblage shows. And is not this a goodly assembly? Our guests have come from the four winds of heaven, and every class and condition of persons is here represented. I see around me the accomplished scholar and orator, the able judge and lawyer, the learned divine, the skilful physician, the industrious cultivator of the soil, the enterprising and successful merchant, the hardy and adventurous seaman, the ingenious and active artizan and mechanic, and *lovely woman*. And here assembled, we are blessed in the splendor of the day and the beauty of the feast.

To all the sons and daughters of Cape Cod who have

come, on this joyous occasion, to the parental roof, to all our invited guests, to friends and strangers, to all who have seen fit to honor us by their presence at this festival, I say in behalf of those who have arranged this celebration, we bid you welcome and offer you our warmest congratulations. And now having partaken of the bounties of Providence from the well-spread board, let the swelling heart speak out its feeling; and may the collation of food and the libation of wine prove but the precursors to "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

The toast master then announced the thirteen regular toasts, which were emphatically responded to.

REGULAR TOASTS.

1. This day's commemoration—to link the present to the past. If history be philosophy teaching by example, it is a dictate of wisdom to consult its pages; and none can be more instructive and profitable than the annals of our ancestors.

2. The contrast—Cape Cod in 1639—our ancestors fleeing from persecution, struggling with want, and surrounded by dangers. Cape Cod in 1839. Their descendants free and happy, in the midst of abundance, and "none to make them afraid."

3. The memory of the first Settlers—Men and women worthy to be the progenitors of a nation of freemen. In their frugal virtues and pious example, they have left to us an inheritance richer than wealth, and nobler than title.

4. Our Fathers! Where are they? Echo answers where?—The grass withereth and the flower fadeth, but their fair fame, their pious patriotism, their long suffering, their public and private virtues, are embalmed in the memory of their posterity.

5. Plymouth and Massachusetts Colonies. The first planted in the snows of December, the second in the scorching heat of June. Both united under one governor in 1692, and ever since forming a flourishing and happy Commonwealth. In the eloquent language of the present Chief Magistrate, "Here on the spot where New England begun to be, we come in our prosperity to remember their trials, and to learn of our pilgrim fathers a deep and lasting lesson of virtue, enterprise, patience, zeal and faith!"

This toast was replied to by Governor Everett, as follows,

who charmed his hearers for more than half an hour, in the happiest strain of his ever ready and effective eloquence. He was never happier in his address on any public occasion:

Mr. President:—I rise in obedience to your call, to respond to the toast which has just been proposed. I feel gratified that any language of mine has been thought appropriate to express the feelings, which I am sure are common to us all on this occasion — feelings of veneration and gratitude for our "Pilgrim Fathers." I am sure also that I express the sentiments of every individual of this immense company, when I include, in this tribute of respect and affection, those excellent noble-hearted women, the MOTHERS of Plymouth and Massachusetts who bore their full share of the hardships and afflictions of the first settlements. The sphere of woman is domestic. She is not commonly called to the performance of the duties, which figure on the page of history. But who can doubt, that amidst the wants and dangers of the period we celebrate, under the pressure of that extremity of fortune to which the colonists were reduced—that grim and gaunt poverty which more than once, like one of the famished wolves of the wilderness around them, forced its way over the threshold of the pilgrims,—the task which devolved upon mothers, wives, sisters and daughters,—the task of making a destitute home comfortable, and a weary life tolerable,—the task of stilling the impatience of children craving food which could not be obtained for them,—the task of ministering to the sick and performing the last offices to the departed,—was to the full as severe as that of the men who bore the hardships of the field and faced the savage foe?

I feel most happy, Sir, in being present at this celebration. I cannot for myself, it is true, lay claim to a direct relationship with any part of the Old Colony. My fathers from the first settlement of Massachusetts proper, rest

beneath the soil which they tilled for six generations, in the village of Dedham in the nearest adjoining County. But you will not wonder, if, on this occasion, and especially before a company graced by so large an attendance of the ladies of the Old Colony, I am disposed to boast, that a portion of that pure Cape blood, which mantles in so many fair cheeks around this board, flows in the veins of my better half at home. If I may presume to go a step farther, Mr. President, and, as you have happily called this a family party, be indulged in another allusion to family matters, I would add, that I have four hopeful scions partaking of a true, honored, Barnstable stock, of which I hope you will not think the worse for being engrafted upon a sound though humble Massachusetts trunk. I shall feel most happy, Sir, —proud as they will be of their Old Colony lineage,—if they shall grow up to the possession of the sterling virtues, which have in all times characterized its sons, and the maidenly charms and matronly graces of its daughters. Sure I am, that if, on the great voyage of life, my children shall take their departure from the principles of Plymouth rock, and steer by the good old Cape Cod compass of industry and probity, come fair weather or foul, they will lay a straight course, and if I may without impropriety end the figure as I have begun, come to anchorage at last at the Cape of Good Hope in the Divine Mercy.

But, Sir, I did not need associations of this kind (though I value them,) to give me a deep sympathy with the feelings awakened by this occasion. I regard all these historical celebrations as highly interesting and important. I have attended many of them; and always with the highest satisfaction. I love to see the dust swept from the graves of our fathers. I love to see the talent and patriotic feeling of the gifted of this generation employed, as we have seen them to day, like Old Mortality in the romance, in cutting broader

and deeper the inscriptions on their moss-grown monuments. I do not know how the faculty of looking before and after, which belongs to us as rational beings, can be better employed, than calling up to grateful recollection, on appropriate occasions, the toils and sufferings of those, to whom as a community, we owe our existence. It is a pious office to the past;—and who is there that can still the fond hope within him, that when the sun has again for a hundred times performed the mighty circuit of the heavens, and each of us in this thronged and happy assemblage,—from that aged head whose silvery honors demand our veneration, [Dr. Thacher of Plymouth was seated near the Chair] to the most youthful of the blooming and heaven-lighted countenances before me,—shall alike have been for years laid low, like a weary infant at even-song in its mother's lap,—Our children's children, in returning to renew these pious rites at the close of another century, will retrace with pleasure the record of these proceedings, and feel grateful to us that we have this day lighted the torch of memory at the shrine of our Fathers?

In the anticipation of *that* day, Sir, and in the desire of transmitting a slight but not unpleasing memorial of *this*, I have taken steps to have a copy of the Original Compact, Charter, and Laws of the Old Colony, recently published by order of the Legislature, together with a copy of the splendid chart of the noble harbor where the Mayflower first came to anchor, lately executed by the engineers of the United States, suitably prepared for preservation; in the hope that they will be contemplated with some interest by those who shall be gathered on this spot, at the third Centennial Celebration. I meant to have them in readiness to offer to you, Sir, and through you to my fellow-citizens of Barnstable, at this time; but I have been disappointed by circumstances beyond my control. As they will not be

wanted till the 3d of September 1939, I suppose there is no great hurry. We will have them ready before the end of the Century.

The sentiments, Sir, to which I have been invited to respond, associate in one retrospect the sufferings of the fathers both of the Old Colony and Massachusetts, the former in the depth of winter—the latter under the scorching heats of June. All seasons, I fear, are inclement, all seas boisterous, all shores inhospitable to the afflicted and heart-stricken fugitive. It is sad indeed to reflect, that, of that portion of Governor Winthrop's party, who passed the summer of 1630, in tents on one of the heights of Charlestown, and of the Plymouth settlers who were wretchedly housed upon the hill which overlooks the harbor of that place, in the dreadful winter of 1620, the larger half, in the course of the first six months, sank beneath their sufferings. It would be out of place to dilate, on this occasion, upon the hardships of the founders of Massachusetts; but I think it can be truly said that from the 12th of July, 1620, when the first settlers of the Old Colony passed the night in tears, and in prayer at Delft Haven in Holland, with Mr. Robinson and the brethren who were to remain at Leyden, down to the ripening of the first crop in 1621, they endured as great an amount of suffering, bodily and mental, as was ever borne in an equal space of time, by the same number of men, women and children. I say nothing now of the hardships previously endured in the persecution, which drove them from their native land. In fact, sir, though we live upon the soil where our fathers landed; though we can trace them as it were every mile of the way along the shore; though we can look out upon the waves which bore the Mayflower to these uttermost ends of the earth, (as they were then regarded,) we see not, we know not, we comprehend not the dreary land and the pathless sea, whose united

perils struck terror into their hearts. Do you think, Sir, as we repose beneath this splendid pavilion, adorned by the hand of taste, blooming with festive garlands, wreathed with the stars and stripes of this great republic, resounding with strains of heart-stirring music, that, merely because it stands upon the soil of Barnstable, we form any idea of the spot as it appeared to Captain Miles Standish and his Companions, on the 15th or 16th of November, 1620? Oh, no, Sir. Let us go up for a moment, in imagination, to yonder hill, which overlooks the village and the bay, and suppose ourselves standing there, on some bleak ungenial morning, in the middle of November of that year. The coast is fringed with ice. Dreary forests interspersed with sandy tracts fill the background. Nothing of humanity quickens on the spot, save a few roaming savages, who, ill-provided with what even they deem the necessaries of life, are digging with their fingers a scanty repast out of the frozen sands. No friendly light-houses had as yet hung up their cressets upon your headlands; no brave pilot-boat was hovering like a sea-bird on the tops of the waves, beyond the Cape, to guide the shattered bark to its harbor; no charts and soundings made the secret pathways of the deep as plain as a gravelled road through a lawn; no comfortable dwellings along the line of the shore and in your well-inhabited streets spoke a welcome to the pilgrim; no steeple poured the music of Sabbath morn into the ear of the fugitive for conscience's sake. Primeval wildness and native desolation brood over sea and land; and from the 9th of November, when, after a most calamitous voyage, the Mayflower first came to anchor in Provincetown harbor to the end of December, the entire male portion of the company was occupied, for the greater part of every day, and often by night as well as day, in exploring the coast and seeking a place of rest, amidst perils from the savages, from

the unknown shore, and the elements, which it makes one's heart bleed to think upon.

But this dreary waste, which we thus contemplate in imagination and which they traversed in sad reality, is a chosen land. It is a theatre upon which an all-glorious drama is to be enacted. On this frozen soil—driven from the ivy-grown churches of their mother land — escaped alas from those loathsome prisons, which were so touchingly described by the eloquent orator of the day—the meek fathers of a pure church will lay the spiritual basements of their temple. Here are the everlasting rocks of liberty, they will establish the foundation of a free State. Beneath this ungenial wintry sky, principles of social right, institutions of civil government shall germinate, in which, what seemed the Utopian dreams of visionary sages, are to be more than realized.

But let us contemplate for a moment the instruments, selected by Providence, for this political and moral creation. However unpromising the field of action, the agents must correspond with the excellence of the work. The time is truly auspicious. England is well supplied with all the materials of a generous enterprise. She is in the full affluence of her wealth and character. The age of Elizabeth has passed, and has garnered up its treasures. The age of the Commonwealth, silent and unsuspected, is ripening toward its harvest of great men. The Burleighs and Cecils have sounded the depths of statesmanship; the Drakes and Raleighs have run the whole round of chivalry and adventure; the Cokes and Bacons are spreading the light of their master minds through the entire universe of philosophy and law. Out of a generation, of which men like these are the guides and lights, it cannot be difficult to select the leaders of any lofty undertaking; and through their influence to secure to it the protection of royalty. But, alas for New

England: No, Sir, happily for New England, Providence works not with human instruments. Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called. The stars of human greatness, that glitter in a court, are not destined to rise on the lowering horizon of the despised Colony. The feeble company of pilgrims is not to be marshalled by gartered statesmen nor mitred prelates. Fleets will not be despatched to convoy the little band, nor armies to protect it. Had there been honors to be won, or pleasures to be enjoyed, or plunder to be grasped, hungry courtiers, mid-summer friends, godless adventurers, would have eaten out the heart of the enterprise. Silken Buckinghams and Somersets would have blasted it with their patronage. But safe amidst their unenvied perils, strong in their inoffensive weakness, rich in their untempting poverty, the patient fugitives are permitted to pursue unmolested the thorny paths of tribulation; and landed at last on the unfriendly shore, the hosts of God, in the frozen mail of December, encamp around the dwellings of the just:—

> Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
> And winter barricades the realms of frost.

While Bacon is attuning the sweetest strains of his honied eloquence, to sooth the dull ear of a crowned pedant; and his great rival, only less obsequious, is on his knees to deprecate the royal displeasure, the future founders of the new republic beyond the sea are training up for their illustrious mission, in obscurity, hardship and weary exile in a foreign land.

And now,—for the fullness of time is come,—let us go up once more in imagination to yonder hill, and look out upon the November scene. That single dark spec, just discernable through the perspective glass, on the waste of waters, is the fated vessel. The storm moans through her

tattered canvass, as she creeps, almost sinking, to her anchorage in Provincetown harbor; and there she lies with all her treasures, not of silver and gold, (for of these she has none,) but of courage, of patience, of zeal, of high spiritual daring. So often as I dwell in imagination on this scene; when I consider the condition of the Mayflower, utterly incapable as she was of living through another gale; when I survey the terrible front presented by our coast to the navigator, who, unacquainted with its channels and roadsteads, should approach it, in the stormy season, I dare not call it a mere piece of good fortune, that the general north and south wall of the shore of New England should be broken by this extraordinary projection of the Cape, running out into the ocean a hundred miles, as if on purpose to receive and encircle the precious vessel. As I now see her, freighted with the destinies of a continent, barely escaped from the perils of the deep, approaching the shore precisely where the broad sweep of this most remarkable headland presents almost the only point at which for hundreds of miles she could with any ease have made a harbor, and this perhaps the very best on the sea-board, I feel my spirit raised above the sphere of mere natural agencies. I see the mountains of New England rising from their rocky thrones. They rush forward into the ocean, settling down as they advance; and there they range themselves a mighty bulwark around the heaven directed vessel. Yes, the everlasting God himself stretches out the arm of his mercy and his power in substantial manifestation, and gathers the meek company of his worshippers as in the hollow of his hand.

Within that poor tempest-tossed vessel, there lay, on the 11th of November, 1620, a moral treasure, of value wholly inappreciable; faintly conceived of by us, its immediate inheritors, after two hundred years, possession;—principles of social and moral growth and improvement, which for

ages to come will not be developed in all their virtue and efficacy. There lay scarcely organized the elements of a pure democracy. On that day the first written constitution of popular government was drawn up and signed by the people assembled in Convention for that purpose. Cycles of human history may pass, before events of equal importance to humanity shall recur. And what a disaster to the general cause of freedom and truth, had this vessel and all she contained been lost! Embattled navies might contend and go down. Foundered galleons might pave the green floors of the ocean with ingots of silver and gold, and the next generation be neither the weaker nor the poorer for the loss. But if this weather-beaten Mayflower and her company had sunk beneath the waves, which so often seemed opening to engulph her, (decisive as the event would probably have been, for an indefinite period, of all further attempts to colonize America) there would have been inflicted a wound, which might never have been healed, on the great cause of Conscience, Free Government and Truth.

I meant, sir, to have said a few words on the principles and institutions of the fathers of the Old Colony, as the direct sources of those blessings which we have inherited from them. I meant to have spoken briefly of the two great pillars on which they rested the temple of liberty;—freedom in the Churches, as opposed to the domination of a heirarchy; and freedom in the State, founded on the absence of all hereditary privileges, on a recurrence to the popular will by frequent elections, and on a system of public education in free schools. This last object early received the attention of the government of Plymouth Colony. Besides requiring the towns to support schools, the proceeds of the public fisheries were appropriated to their encouragement. But I leave these fruitful topics to gentlemen around me, who are abundantly able to do them justice. There is one

point only which can never be wholly overlooked, in speaking of the pilgrims; I mean their faults. They were men, and of course had faults, upon which those who like the occupation, may descant. I do not, and I am sure there is no one who does. This counsel only I would give to any one, who takes in hand to rebuke the errors of the Fathers of Plymouth or Massachusetts, viz: to settle with himself at the outset, considering what human nature at the best is, whether precisely the kind of virtues, the unyielding, dauntless, all-enduring, all-daring spirit necessary to accomplish the great work of founding a new state, under every imaginable discouragement, could have subsisted without something of that austerity and sternness, of which it must be admitted there are lamentable memorials in the Pilgrim annals.

Besides, Sir, our poor fathers were pestered with troubles, and had to provide against evils, of which in these latter days we know nothing. It seems that it was thought necessary, in the early legislation of the Colony, to enact that "no man shall strike his wife, nor any woman her husband, on penalty of such fine, not exceeding ten pounds for one offence, or such suitable corporeal punishment as the Court may direct." I see by the smiling faces of both sexes around me, that there is no occasion at the present day in the Old Colony for any such legislation as this; that, law or no law, that man is held to be a villian, on Cape Cod, who raises his hand toward a woman except in kindness;— and that, in return, no man is in danger of being smitten by the gentler sex, with any other weapon, than the bright glance which heals while it wounds. Again, the learned and eloquent orator of the day has reminded us that it was deemed necessary to provide, among the first acts of legislation in the Old Colony, that "if now or hereafter any were elected to the office of Governor, and would not stand to the

election, nor hold and execute the office for his year, that then he should be amerced in twenty pounds sterling fine." All trouble upon this score, I believe has disappeared; at least since the happy period when the Old Colony was united with Massachusetts. But I cannot answer for it, Mr. President, that this will always be the case, if things continue to be managed, as they have been to-day,—I must candidly tell you, that, when I found myself moving along to this pavilion in solitary grandeur, excluded from that part of the procession which was honored by the presence of the ladies, and when I perceived that my position here, on this elevated platform, was to be one of like privation, (to say nothing of the natural misgivings which may well come over one, who finds himself directly in front of his honor the Chief Justice and the Sheriff) I say, Sir, when I found that these were the consequences of official dignity, I had some thoughts of taking advantage of the Old Colony law, and paying my fine.

A single sentence more, sir, and in the serious strain which perhaps better becomes the occasion. In all that concerns the history and character of the Old Colony, the people of Barnstable have a peculiar interest. Your shore was pressed by the feet of the Pilgrims before they rested on Plymouth Rock. When the good seed raised around the chosen spot began to be cast abroad, one of the first handfulls fell on your genial soil; and from that time to this, through two centuries of humble beginnings and rich fruits, of trial and hardship, of success and glory, you have grown up a living, leading, intregal part of that illustrious "Old Colony" with whose annals commences, if I may so express myself, the New Testament of civil and religious liberty.

With your permission I would say, in taking my seat,

The Cape; God bless her! The sons and daughters of Barnstable

are among the fairest jewels in her crown of honor: wherever dispersed, there is not one of them who will not exclaim,

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee.

6. The love of our Native soil.—Always strongest where nature has been least bountiful. If any wonder why we love the barren sands of old Cape Cod, tell them that in 1623 it was the unanimous resolve of the first settlers in these parts "that seeing by God's providence this place fell to their lot, they would not leave it, nor languish after other places, though they had discovered more rivers and more fertile places than where they were."

7. Paomet (now Provincetown)—The birth place of popular constitutional liberty; where the first written compact for a government of "just and equal laws" was made on board the May Flower, Nov. 11, 1620—by John Carver, and forty others, "in the name of God" and for "the general good."

8. Cape Cod.—Though she has few lawsuits of her own, she is justly proud of having furnished the distinguished head of the Judiciary of the Commonwealth, to settle the disputes of her neighbors.

This toast was responded to, in an impressive and deeply affecting manner, by Chief Justice SHAW, who recurred to his early associations as a Barnstable boy, with heartfelt emotion, of which the following is a sketch:

Mr. President:—It would be mere affectation in me not to understand at once that the sentiment now expressed alludes to myself. Such an expression of kind and respectful remembrance by such an assembly as the present, on an occasion so full of deep and solemn interest, fills my heart with unmingled gratitude, and I can do little more than to express to the company my heartfelt thanks.

To be held in cherished remembrance by my earliest associates, the friends of my beloved parents, the companions of my infancy and childhood, by those who cherish an ardent love for my dear native land, whatever may be their pursuits, or whatever their residence—this indeed affords me a gratification, which I would not willingly exchange, for any advantage which rank or distinction could confer.

Sir, you have been pleased to allude to the eminent judicial office which I hold. I have indeed been honored by

my native state, greatly beyond any merits which I can claim. I have been entrusted with an office of great responsibility, dignity and honor. I can only express the earnest and sincere wish, that I had the ability to discharge the duties of this office in a more worthy and acceptable manner. But, Mr. President, one thing I can say, in all truth and sincerity, that whatever of honors and distinctions my fellow citizens have been pleased, in their generosity, to bestow upon me, I can make no better use of them — I desire to make no better use of them, than to present them here, on this occasion, as a grateful tribute to the land of my birth — to add them to the beautiful garland which we are all this day contributing to make up, to deck the venerable brow of our beloved native town.

Here, on such an occasion, all minor distinctions of occupation, of condition, of fortune and residence, vanish before the one deep, absorbing sentiment which binds our hearts indissolubly to our native soil. Here the merchant may rejoice to come, leaving behind him, for a time, his ledgers and accounts, leaving his ships, his stocks, and his merchandise to take care of themselves; — the clergyman, in perfect consistency with his holiest duties, may for a short time leave his pulpit and his flock; — the farmer may well leave his fields and his marshes; — the seaman his vessel — the shoresman his fish-flakes — and judges and lawyers are glad to tear themselves away from the wrangles of the courts, and the turmoil of judicial controversary, to indulge together, for a few brief hours, in the cherished recollections of bygone years; recollections always dear, though often sad. But joyful or sad, prompted by the better principles of our nature, and deepened by a common sympathy, we know and feel that they bind thousands of hearts in one common feeling of mutual attachment.

And why should it not be so? Indeed, it is good for us

to be here — to be here upon such an occasion, and to yield to the thoughts and feelings which come thronging upon us. Sir, there's pleasure and profit in it — there's wisdom, philosophy and religion in it. Was not this the home of our infancy and childhood? Here we first felt the dear delights of parental love — here the first thoughts and feelings of our social and intellectual nature were enkindled and developed — here we first felt the pleasures of friendship and the joys of social existence, when every feeling carried with it the purity, the ardor, and the joyous freshness of youth.

Why, sir, every house, every field, every grove has its history, and brings back a clustering throng of recollections. Almost within sight of the place where we are, still stands a modest spire, marking the spot where a beloved father stood to minister the holy word of divine truth, and hope, and salvation, to a numerous, beloved and attached people, for almost half a century. Pious, pure, simple-hearted, devoted to, and beloved by his people, never shall I cease to venerate his memory, or to love those who knew and loved him. I speak in the presence of some who knew him, and of many more, who I doubt not were taught to love and honor his memory as one of the earliest lessons of their childhood. But I must not dwell on a theme like this; I may have gone too far in saying thus much; though in alluding to it, I am sure I touch a chord, which will vibrate through many a heart.

Indeed, my friends, every local object is a talisman, which revives its long train of remembered joys, or sorrows, amusements and occupations; the school, the wedding, the funeral, the social circle, the play-ground, the meeting-house, the burying ground:—time would fail me in naming a mere list of the thousand objects, which awaken vivid recollections of the past, and above all—more than all,

remind us of those who participated in our early affections and friendships.

And is it not good thus to be moved sometimes, by a noble feeling of generous sympathy and affection? Does it not teach us all,—the merchant, the seaman, the farmer, the lawyer, each and all of us, whatever our employment, or whatever our success in life, that there is something worth living for, beside profits and wages, and fees and salaries:—that there is something in the joys of memory,—of hope and imagination—in our social affections and sympathies—in the consciousness of our moral and intellectual being, which rises above the ordinary routine of cares and labors, whose object is bounded by the acquisition of mere worldly goods. May it not even inspire a holier thought? If, as we feel and know, these attachments and sympathies so closely connect the past with the present, may it not lead us to indulge the hope, and to rest on the assurance, that there shall be some similar connection between the present and the future—that the affections of the soul, so pure and perennial, are not destined to have their full accomplishment here, and shall not be crushed and annihilated by the termination of our earthly existence; but that, surely, there is another and a better life.

But sir, let us not be thought wild or visionary, or to depart, too widely, from the spirit and feelings of the occasion. Indeed the very spirit of the occasion is, to perceive in the persons and objects around us, not the mere visible and sensible images, but the recollections and feelings which they suggest. Take a single instance. Did we not observe, as the procession was moving on to-day, a long range of sand hills skirting the town? You and I, sir, know it by the name of Sandy Neck. And what does it present to the eye of the casual observer? Why a range of sterile sand hills, interspersed with a few patches of brown woods

and swamps, and surrounded by marshes. Who of us, has not heard the tremendous roar of the surf, as its mountain surges lash the long line of beach, back of those hills? But to the eye of a native Cape Codman, what does it suggest?—a barren waste of waters, a barrier to his exertions, or a confinement to his sterile soil? Not at all; it reminds him of the ocean that lies beyond;—the ocean, with all its grand and beautiful associations. He looks at it not only as the field of his fame and of his glory, but as the field of his industry and enterprise, of his enjoyment and improvement, aye, even of his social and intellectual improvement. It connects him with all lands—with all that is magnificent in nature, or polished in art—with all that is valuable in knowledge, refinement and civilization. His neighbors are not those only, who live in the next town, or state, or kingdom;—wherever there is commerce, there he has neighbors and friends. He not only repeats the words of the seaman's song, but imbibes its spirit,

> "In every clime we find a port,
> In every port a home."

But the home of his memory and his affections is here;—to his native land, amidst all his wanderings, he looks with a steady eye;—and whatever acquisitions of property or pleasure, of hospitality and friendship, he finds elsewhere, he regards them all as the means of comfort and enjoyment on his return. The land and the sea are alike fertile to those who have the hardihood, the skill and the enterprise to improve them, and the hearts to enjoy them;—and they are alike sterile to the idle, the dissolute and the heartless. Indeed, that soil can never be deemed sterile, which yields a large and steady growth of intelligent and enterprising men, and of amiable and accomplished women.

But I am encroaching on precious time, and will only propose as a sentiment,

"Cape Cod—our beloved birthplace—may it long be the nursery and the home of the social virtues—a place which all her sons and daughters, whether present or absent, may for centuries to come, as in centuries past, delight to honor and to love."

9. The characteristics of the first settlers of Mattacheest*—Frugality, enterprise, temperance, and independence—the tools with which any able bodied man in this country can get an honest living off a rock or a sand bank. May they ever be kept bright and transmitted from father to son, to the latest generation.

10. Banks and Banking.—We wont quarrel about U. S. Banks, Ten Million Banks, nor Suffolk Banks, so long as the great charter of nature secures to us our Clam Banks, Sand Banks and Grand Bank; the only Banks that have stood a run of two hundred years and redeemed all their drafts in the same solid species.

11. The men of reverend age who have survived to witness this day. They have preserved in their lives and habits, and we trust impressed on ours, the simple virtues of the Pilgrims. May the rising generation never forget to cherish and imitate their example.

To this toast, a reply was read, by Professor Palfrey, on behalf of the venerable octogenarian, Dr. Thacher of Plymouth, a native of Barnstable, who was present. It was pleasant to see him and many other of our venerable sires, who had been active sharers in the dangers of the revolutionary struggle, present on this day, surrounded by the present and the rising generation, in their manhood and youthful promise. Ever cherished be their memories, and ever active our respect and veneration for the "men of reverend age," who shared with us in this honored festival!

Memorandum from Dr. James Thacher, of Plymouth.

I rejoice that I am permitted once more to visit the place, where my pious ancestors for generations past devoted their lives to their Creator, and where their remains are deposited. This occasion, so interesting to all, is peculiarly so to me. My emotions are truly unutterable. I drew my first breath in this ancient town more than 85 years ago, and in this great assembly I seek in vain for the companions of my childhood and youth. With such preparation as the town schools of Barnstable afforded, I pursued the study of medicine under the direction of Dr. Abner Hersey, of this town, a physician of great celebrity in that day, whose circle of practice was limited only by the bounds of his county. His eccentricities, and few

*Now Barnstable.

men had more, are forgotten, but the memory of his good and generous qualities, will not soon pass away. His donations to the churches of his county, and in aid of the Hersey professorship of anatomy and surgery at Cambridge, evinced his attachment to religion and science, and entitled him to honorable remembrance. The first sound of the revolutionary war interrupted my peaceful pursuits, and with the ardor natural to my age, I joined my countrymen in arms. Perhaps I need not add that I followed the fortunes and shared the hardships of Washington's army until the liberties of the country were established.

An incident of that period which occurred on this spot, as it shows the spirit of the times, may be worth relating. My spirit is animated by a view of your meeting-house, on Training hill, and the recollection that on its summit your patriotic Fathers, who composed the militia of the parish, were arrayed on the day when tidings were received that the blood of their countrymen had been shed at Lexington. The company immediately marched for the post of danger, and on passing from the village, an elderly man, Mr. John Annable, came tottering down the hill near the jail, where his house stood, to bid adieu to his only son, who was a soldier in the ranks, and not without emotion, yet with Spartan heroism, he said, "Joseph, my son, if you go into battle, behave like a man, or never see my face again — God be with you all, my friends!". A distinguished native of this town, the late Solicitor General Davis, then a lad, officiated as fifer of the company on this occasion. Joseph survived many years after the Revolutionary War. I proffer my respectful acknowledgments for the kind attentions which the committee have been pleased to bestow upon me, by their invitation to participate in the pleasures of this highly interesting occasion, and beg leave to propose as a toast,

The memory of the puritan founders of the ancient town of Barnstable, and their worthy compeers, who, exiled from their own land, and subjected to a perilous pilgrimage, achieved for posterity a rich inheritance, a land of civil and religious freedom. May it ever be honored and sustained by wisdom and justice in our rulers, disinterested patriotism, and frankness in our citizens, and pure religion in our sanctuaries.

12. Boston and Cape Cod — Often doubled, but never run down. The first has furnished the capital, the second the industry, and both together have made a strong firm whose mutual relations have always been a source of profit and pleasure. May succeeding centuries continue to enlarge the stock and increase the dividends.

13. Witchcraft.—We pretend to be wiser than our fathers in this matter, and deny its existence, although every man of us is in imminent danger of being bewitched today. But the conjurations and spells we have to encounter are the pleasant words and bright eyes of beauty, and the only way we propose to hang the Cape Cod witches is — about our necks.

After the regular toasts, (the 10th and last of which were received by three lively cheers) the President of the day read the following, to which Hon. William Sturgis, of Boston, a native of Barnstable, responded in his best manner, and with many pleasing allusions to the co-operation of the ladies in the festivities of the day:

The emigrants from Cape Cod.—Found everywhere on sea and land, the busiest among the busy of the "universal Yankee nation." A hearty welcome to those who are here today, and good luck and good will to the absent. May none in the wide world ever show themselves ashamed to claim Cape Cod, and may Cape Cod never have cause to be ashamed to claim them.

For want of time Mr. Sturgis's remarks were somewhat abridged in their delivery, but were in substance, as follows:

"As Chairman of a Committee of those who originated here, but have taken up their abode elsewhere, it is my duty, Mr. President, and it would be my pleasure, to respond to the toast just given, did I feel sure that I could offer a response worthy of the occasion. But I do not recollect that, in the course of a somewhat adventurous life, I have ever undertaken a task with less confidence of accomplishing it in a satisfactory manner than when I attempt to address my Cape Cod friends upon their own soil, a few yards only from the spot where I was born, amidst the well remembered scenes of my childhood—with the recollections of early days, when here was my home, and of the changes since I left this home, pressing upon me, and calling forth mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. But I must not dwell upon these feelings: Let me rather proceed at once, in behalf of those emigrants who have the good fortune to be present upon this occasion, to tender our warmest thanks for the frank and cordial welcome you have given us, and to assure you, Sir, that we reciprocate with heartfelt sincerity, your friendly wishes, and kind expressions of good will.

Were proof needful to support the assertion in your toast, that "Emigrants from Cape Cod are found everywhere," I would offer testimony founded upon personal observation. In early life it was my lot to visit every quarter of the Globe, and some of its remotest regions. Wherever I went I met those who claimed their origin here. They are literally "on every sea and in every land, the busiest among the busy." In truth, Sir, I know not the spot, ever whitened by the sails of commerce, that has not been visited by the intrepid sons of Cape Cod, nor do I know the honorable and useful pursuits in which they have not successfully engaged.

From every quarter we have come, Sir, at your summons to visit once more the homes of our fathers; to renew the associations of early life, and to unite with our friends here in a suitable observance of this day, so interesting to every true-hearted native of Cape Cod. We bring with us, not only the feelings, implanted in every human bosom, of attachment to the place of our birth—where the days of childhood were passed—but many of us come with this feeling deepened and strengthened by experience, which has taught us to appreciate the advantages we have derived from, and made us sensible how much we are indebted for success in life, to the circumstances of having been born, and brought up, in this favored region.

I call it a "favored region." Should any one cast a look of incredulity upon our parched hills and sandy shores, I would tell him we boast not of the rich productions of a bounteous soil, but of something better, for

"Man is the nobler growth our realm supplies."

I would ask him to follow the steps of the distinguished Orator of the day, (no easy task, Sir, in the paths of learning and eloquence) to go where he has lately been, from one extremity of the Cape to the other—see the flourishing appearance that everywhere meets the eye, and the evidences

of prosperity that are everywhere visible—and then I would challenge him to point out any other place under the broad canopy of Heaven, with an extent of country, and a population equal to this County, where for two hundred years the sound principles, and virtuous practices, of the early settlers have been more uniformly adhered to and followed; where the comforts of life are more universally diffused, and the means of rational enjoyment more easily secured, by all those who have fixed an abode in the land of their birth; and whence a greater number have gone forth qualified and prepared, to take an active part in the busy scenes of life, and make their own way in the world by their own unaided efforts. Sir, this is no idle declamation; I give the challenge in sober earnest, and if any one accepts it, I am ready, in the language of your profession, to "file a bill of particulars," and go into the proof.

I have alluded to the advantages enjoyed by those who originated here. Some of these advantages are common to the whole New England sea-board, others are in a degree peculiar to this section. Were this to be a four-days' meeting instead of four hours, I would gladly go fully into this subject; would enumerate these advantages; trace them back to causes, and forward to effects. I would not do this in the spirit of vain boasting, which Americans are, perhaps justly, charged with displaying when speaking of their country and its institutions; with those who know me, I scarcely need to disclaim so unworthy a motive. My object would be to influence the rising generation. I would speak to the younger part of my auditors, and if possible would address every youth — every young man just coming into life, from one end of the Cape to the other. To inspire them with hope I would call their attention to what may this day be witnessed — would tell them that all those present whose situation may appear desirable, began life but a few years

since, with even fewer advantages than are enjoyed by young men of the present day. I would refer them to the history and present condition of every State of the Union. In nearly all of them they may find natives of Cape Cod, filling places of trust and honor — distinguished in the learned professions as they are called — prominent among the most intelligent and skillful of those engaged in manufactures and the mechanic arts — standing high among enterprising and successful merchants, and in the front ranks of industrious and thriving farmers. But in the greatest numbers they will be found engaged in nautical pursuits — there they early took the lead and they have kept it. Born, as most of them were, within sight of the ocean — many of them upon its very borders — they are familiar with it from infancy, and thousands embark upon it long before the years of boyhood are passed, and there they are at home. Look at your fisheries — so valuable to Massachusetts, so important to the whole Union — whether to pursue the mackerel, the cod or even the great Leviathan himself, can you, sir, can any man —tell me where to find those who would be preferred to the fishermen of Cape Cod? Examine the coasting trade! now employing nearly half the tonnage of the country. Within my recollection one of the most important branches of it in the Commonwealth, that which is carried on with the Middle and Southern States, has sprung into existence, and grown to its present magnitude, under the management of natives of this County, and at this day it is almost exclusively in their hands. Look at the navigation employed in foreign trade — from the smallest West India craft to the largest freighting ship — at the New York packets, those "floating palaces" as they are justly called — at the splendid steamboats upon all our waters — at the valuable ships employed in the East India and China trade. In all these there are millions of precious lives, and many millions of property,

annually entrusted to the vigilance, skill and prudence of their commanders; and among the foremost of these commanders are the native sons of Cape Cod. Many of them still claim their residence among you; and while we are this day enjoying the delights of social intercourse, they are engaged in arduous duties on the ocean, or in distant lands, with their thoughts turned to what is passing on their native shore — their hopes, their wishes, their affections centering here, and clustering round the spot where dwells the dearest objects of their love. Were it proper to do so, Mr. President, I could give the names of a host of such as I have described, who began their career in humble stations — names now known far and wide, respected and confided in by the whole community; names familiar to the ears, and dear to the hearts of many who now listen to me. I would thus call the attention of my young friends to the past and the present, and would animate them to exertion by the assurance that what has been done by the sons of Cape Cod, may, and must, be done again by their successors. That the same, nay, a broader field of enterprise, a more extended sphere of action is before them; and that by superior education, they are better prepared to enter upon this field and exert the energies that God has given them. I would tell them what many of us have experienced, that, thanks to the well-earned reputation, and fair fame, which our fathers secured by their labors and their virtues, the birth-right of every child of Cape Cod is an inheritance more precious than silver or gold; and that wherever they go, or wherever they seek employment that requires integrity, industry, energy and perseverance, the best letter of recommendation they can carry, is a certificate of their birth-place — evidence of their Cape Cod origin. With this they will be sure to find the employment they seek, and in the exercise of the qualities I have enumerated they can

scarcely fail, with God's blessing, to command success. While I thus give encouragement to youthful aspirants for fame or fortune, I would impress upon their minds the high responsibility that these advantages impose upon them; I would remind them that they owe much to the past, and the future, as well as to the present, and would bid them remember the motto before us, "What our fathers obtained, may their sons ever protect." I would tell them that the best return they can make for the rich inheritance they have received, is to use it faithfully and wisely, and transmit it unsullied, unimpaired, to those who are to come after them, so that when another Centennial wave of time shall have rolled into the boundless gulf of eternity, and a future generation assembled here, or elsewhere, to celebrate the return of this anniversary, they may think and speak of those who in this interim shall have been gathered to their fathers, with the same honest pride with which we cherish the venerated memory of those who have already passed away.

Mr. President, after hearing the interesting and eloquent addresses that have been made, and in the expectation that we are to be favored with more, I feel that in barely touching upon these matters, I have already occupied time that might have been better spent in listening to others. But whatever may be the consequence, I cannot refrain from adverting to one circumstance in this celebration which has given me more gratification than I shall attempt to express. The occasion itself brings up so many interesting associations that it could scarcely fail to call forth the best feelings and emotions of our nature — to inspire us with grateful sentiments for the past and the present, and with cheering hopes for the future. But the circumstance to which I allude, gives life and animation to the whole, and throws a charm over it that nothing else could impart. I need not

name this circumstance, for sure I am there is something in the bosom of every MAN which will tell him what it is. Can any one survey the scene before him — can he listen to WOMAN'S gentle voice, and gaze upon her cheerful smile, and not feel in every vein a warmer glow? Is there a man — gathered as we are with all our social sympathies awakened, to commemorate an event which has tended to secure to us so many social blessings — is there a man, aged or youthful, whose bosom does not swell — whose heart does not expand with a more joyous feeling, to find himself surrounded by, and mingling at the festive board, with that *brighter* and *better* portion of Heaven's creation, without whose participation and sympathy, all the blessings, all the blandishments of life would be cold and valueless?

I am not, sir, by any means a thorough going disciple of the Miss Martineau school, but I do so far concur in some of the views of that distinguished lady, as to believe that even in this favored country, Woman is not yet in possession of all her *rights;*—and I doubt not the time will come, (and at no distant day too) when important changes will be made in the laws relating to her rights of property, and her personal rights. But this is neither the time nor the place to revise the Statutes. Let me not be misunderstood. I am not one of those visionary enthusiasts who profess to believe that no distinction should be made in the employment and pursuits of the sexes — who propose that husband and wife shall change work, and in sailor's phrase take "spell and spell" at hoeing corn and tending baby. On the contrary, sir, I believe that the great Creator has imposed upon woman appropriate and peculiar duties; and that there is marked out for her a proper sphere of action from which I would not have her deviate. I should regret to see her enter the political arena, engage in party struggles, or participate in party triumphs. Her proper place is not the

Hall of Legislation, nor the tented field. I wish not to see her presenting reports, nor presenting arms (hostile arms, I mean Sir,)—and above all, I deprecate the practice, which I fear is becoming too common, for woman, under the influence of an excited imagination, to leave her domestic circle, abandon the care of her family, and go forth, roaming about the country, making addresses to crowded and mixed assemblies, and striving to excite and agitate the community. I would not have her do this for any purpose, in any cause; no Sir, not even in the sacred cause of human freedom, the noblest cause to which human energies can be devoted. But upon occasions like the present—at all celebrations of the birthday of our National Independence—whenever the event to be commemorated is one in which all have a common interest, I deem it proper that woman should share in all that is proper to be done. I rejoice that Cape Cod has set so good an example, though I should expect no less from her, for the records of history show, that for the first hundred and fifty years after the settlement of the country, the women of Cape Cod were "ever ready to set, and to follow, a good example," and for the other fifty years, I want no record, for I can bear testimony to the fact myself. I trust that the example will be widely followed, and that ere long no such celebration will take place without the full participation of those whose presence gladdens every heart. And why should it not be so. If these celebrations are designed to commemorate the toils and sacrifices of the early settlers, did not woman take full share in such trials? and could our fathers have endured their privations and sufferings, but for her sympathy, and the support her presence gave? If they are designed to commemorate the Independence of our country, does not the pure flame of patriotism burn as brightly in woman's gentle bosom as in the sterner breast of man? I believe that her love of country,

and of the institutions of our country—silent and unobtrusive as it may seem—is as deep, as sincere, aye, Sir, and as *disinterested* too, as that which is felt by the most clamorous Patriot who writes himself MAN. I may be told that such scenes are not suitable for woman—that excesses are oftimes committed which would shock her delicacy, and wound her feelings. I admit that excesses are too often indulged in, upon these occasions, but can any man devise a more effectual check upon them than the presence of woman? I believe that in this way she can do more to promote the righteous cause of temperance, than by all the pledges of total abstinence that *she* can sign, or all the memorials *she* can prepare to enlighten Legislatures on the subject of license laws.

But, after all, Mr. President, the power is in her own hands if she chooses to exert it. We know, Sir, that it is customary at these celebrations to have an address, a dinner, and a ball. It has been usual to permit the ladies to hear the address, (and seldom has the indulgence been so great a boon as on the present occasion) dull or eloquent as it might chance to be. They are then virtually sent home "solitary and alone" to attend to domestic cares, while we, self-styled "lords of creation" set down at the convivial board, and after indulging to satiety in all the luxuries we can gather round us, we condescend to summon the ladies to the ball room and favor them with our company for the rest of the day. Now, Sir, I propose to the ladies to take this matter into their own hands, and address our sex to this effect—

Gentlemen—"We have a common interest with you in the object of this celebration—we feel this interest as deeply as you do, and are disposed to unite in a suitable manifestation of it, and to join in *all* festivities proper for the occasion. But we must share in *all* or *none*—if you choose to exclude

us from the dinner-table, we choose to exclude ourselves from the ball-room—if you *dine* alone, you may *dance* alone, and then you may retire alone, and indulge in 'sweet or bitter fancies' as they may chance to come." Try this, my fair friends, for a single year; let your motto from one end of the Union to the other be, "dine together and dance together," or "dine alone and dance alone," and trust me you will have no further cause to complain in this matter.

Mr. President, upon such a topic one scarce knows when to stop. I will not, however, trespass longer upon your indulgence, but with your permission will propose a sentiment which I have cherished from my youth upward—one that I hope to cherish to the last hour that may be allotted me on this side eternity. It is a sentiment in which there is no mingling of party spirit—about which there can be no party strife—for its truth is felt and acknowledged by whig and tory—by "barbarian, scythian, bond and free." It is stamped upon the heart of every human being who claims to be a *man*. Nerveless be the arm that will not fill a bumper—sealed in unbroken silence be the lips that will not respond when I give you

Woman! lovely woman.—The guardian of our childhood—the companion of manhood—the solace of declining years, and through life the source of our highest, and holiest earthly joys.

"The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit sighed, 'till woman smiled."

The remarks of Mr. Sturgis were followed by a neat original *Yankee* Song for the occasion, rhyming the changes with ready wit, on the Cape towns and Cape names, which was sung by Mr. Richardson, of Boston, to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

SONG FOR THE BARNSTABLE CELEBRATION.

BY WILLIAM HAYDEN, JR., ESQ.

Our Pilgrim Fathers started off,
  Two hundred years ago, sir—
To seek their fortunes o'er the sea,
  And anchor'd down below, sir—
And, as they had no other food,
  Considered worth the dishing,
They got their sinkers, hooks and lines,
  And went right out a fishing—

    Yankee Doodle, keep it up—
      Yankee Doodle Dandy—
    At catching fish, or sailing ships,
      Our Cape men are quite handy.

They pulled the Cod and Haddock in,
  And fished without a rod, sir—
And, for the first big fish they caught,
  They named the Cape, "Cape Cod," sir—
And, as they had amazing luck,
  The fishing was so handy,
They thought they'd settle on the Cape,
  Although 'twas rather sandy.

And though our sand won't raise much grass,
  It renders us some sarvice—
It is the sand which makes the glass,
  That's made by Deming Jarvis.
The Oyster-beds around our shores,
  They serve to make the land rich—
East-ham and Chat-ham are as good
  As any hams for Sandwich.

'Tis truly wonderful, I'm sure,
  I can't tell how it happens—
We furnish all your Ships with mates,
  And almost all your Cap'ins.
You can't expect much wealth down here—
  We live by waves and serges—
But yet, sometimes, a Cape Cod boy,
  Gets rich like William Sturgis.

To trace your debt to old Cape Cod,
  It needs no brush or pallet—
There's Dimmock, Gray, and Thacher too,
  The Searses and George Hallett.
Some service we have done the State—
  From us you get your law, sir—

There's Mr. Bassett, he's your clerk,
And there's Chief Justice Shaw, sir.

There are as good fish in the sea,
As from it e'er were draw'd sir—
And so, we've some as good men left,
As those who've gone abroad, sir.
Among the nice men left behind,
Of Marstons we've two brothers—
The Swifts, the Crockers, and the Cobbs,
And yet a host of others.

Our lot is something like Lot's wife,
When on this spot we halt sir,—
Our only monument must be
A pillar of good salt, sir—
Your richer lands, and fertile soils,
We will not waste a wish on—
We find our own quite good enough,
For us to dry our fish on.

When we get through our toasts and songs,
We'll go to t'other Hall sir—
We mean to finish off the thing,
By giving you a Ball, sir;
And if the Cape Girls want to dance,
'Till morn puts out the taper,
Let every Cape man show that he
Is ready for a Caper.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up—
Yankee Doodle Dandy—
At catching hearts, and keeping them
Our Cape Girls are right handy.

By the First Vice President. The Orator of the day. In his eloquent and impressive address, he told us, among many other most excellent things, that in 1690 Ichabod Paddock went from Cape Cod to Nantucket to teach them how to kill and try whales. We thank him that in 1839 he has come to Cape Cod to learn us how to immortalize and appreciate our ancestors.

Professor Palfrey, the Orator of the day, made a few brief acknowledgments, in the course of which he gave a vivid description of the wooing and wedding of a Yarmouth beauty, wife of Josiah Quincy, of Quincy, and mother of Josiah Quincy, Junior, the eminent revolutionary patriot, and concluded by proposing the following toast:

The daughters of Cape Cod; worthy to be wives and mothers of good and famous men.

By a Vice President. "The younger Winthrop of Connecticut."—A pure example for modern Statesmen. When Charles, 2d, wishing to advance him, wrote thus—"the world shall take notice of the sense I have of your merits in promoting the happiness of your country," the disinterested man thought not of himself, and asked favors only for the community of which he was a member.

To this toast, Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, Speaker of the House of Representatives, briefly replied, as follows:

I cannot fail, Mr. President, to feel highly gratified at being called on to respond to the sentiment which has just been given; and at thus being introduced to this large and most respectable assembly as a descendant of the distinguished settler of Connecticut, to whose memory so handsome a tribute has been paid. Nor were the services of the younger Winthrop confined entirely to Connecticut. Were I standing on the opposite shore of this noble Bay, I might point, I believe, to a large and flourishing town, no less than one of the shire towns of old Essex, as the fruit of his enterprise within the Colony with which his father was more prominently connected.

But while I heartily thank the company for the respect they have shown for the name of a venerated ancestor; while I tender, too, my most sincere acknowledgements to the Vice President, from whom the sentiment proceeded, for taking so kind a mode of calling me up, I cannot refrain from saying, that it is to other names than that by which it is my humble birthright to be called, that this occasion belongs. It is to the Bradfords and Carvers, the Brewsters and Hinckleys, the elder and younger Robinsons, the elder and younger Winslows, the elder and younger Otises, and not to the Winthrops, whether elder or younger, of Connecticut or of Massachusetts, that the honors of this day are exclusively due.

I may be pardoned, also, for suggesting, in explanation of

the sentiment which I propose to offer, that it is to no hereditary claim that I am indebted for the distinction of a seat at this table,—that it is not to name or blood, but to the relation which I have the honor to hold to the Legislative Department of the State, to the station to which I have been called in the service of the Representatives of the People, that I am indebted for the privilege of being present on this occasion. And let me add, Sir, that I felt as if I should have been almost faithless to that station,—as if, now, if never before, I should have neglected one of its plainest and most peremptory obligations, had I disregarded the kind summons which was served upon me by Mr. Sheriff, to participate in the festivities of this anniversary. There is at least one eye, Sir, in the Hall which is the sphere of my official duties, always open, or certainly never sleeping;—there is at least one representative, if not of any portion of the people themselves, certainly of a great and leading interest of the people, a representative which depends on no party distinction, either for his annual return—I should rather say, for his perpetual presence there—which I should scarcely have dared ever again to confront, had I failed, on any score but that of imperious necessity, to make an appearance at this Cape Cod celebration.

The company have already been informed of the origin of the name by which this Cape is designated. The Orator has told them that Bartholomew Gosnold, in 1602, having found great store of Cod fish here, denominated the Cape accordingly. But they have not yet been told of an attempt which was made not many years after to alter this appellation. When John Smith, the famous founder of Virginia, wrote an account of his voyages to New England in 1616, he dedicated his book to "the High Hopeful Prince Charles," afterwards King Charles the First. And in that dedication he made it his humble suit to his Royal Highness, that he

would be pleased to change the barbarous names which had been hitherto attached to the various points along the coast, and to substitute for them some genteeler and more elegant English appellations—"so that posterity might ever be able to say that Prince Charles was their godfather."

Prince Charles, accordingly, appears to have tried his hand at christening the Capes and Bays and Rivers along the coast. And some of his names remain to this day. To Cape Tragabigzanda, for example, for such was the truly barbarous title of the Northern headland of the Massachusetts Bay, (though there were tender associations with it which must have rendered it any thing but barbarous to Smith's ear, and it was probably the last name that he himself would have desired to have changed,) to Cape Tragabigzanda, he gave the name of *Cape Ann*,—and it has been called so ever since. But although to Cape Cod, the Prince assigned no other name than that of Royalty itself, calling it *Cape James*, after the dread King James, his father, the bold and noble headland, whose settlement we this day celebrate, as if in anticipation of the glorious destiny which awaited it, as if in vindication of its claim to be not only the scene of the first great original contract of Democratic self-government, but the birthplace of him also, who was to breathe the breath of life into the independence of a vast American Nation, refused to acknowledge either a Prince as its godfather, or a King for its namesake, and clung fast and forever to its old, original, homely, but plain, republican title—*Cape Cod*.

But this, Sir, is not the only instance in which a Cod seems to have proved an overmatch for a King, in this Commonwealth. In one of those letters of John Adams to Mr. Tudor, in which he describes the principal revolutionary incidents of which Massachusetts was the theatre, and of which the orator of the day has already given us so many

striking extracts,—in that very one of these letters, I believe, in which he sketches the scene of your own Barnstable Patriot, engaged in his immortal argument against writs of assistance,— we are told that there might have been seen in those days in the old State House, where this scene occurred, two gorgeous, full-length portraits, supposed to be real Vandykes, of Charles the II., and James the II. Those portraits have long since disappeared from our public halls. But if any one will enter our Representatives' chamber in the new State House, he will find suspended there instead of them, a full-length likeness of a fine large *Cod*. This, sir, I need hardly say, was the *Representative* to which I alluded —and, I say again, that, though it does not become me to rely too confidently, in the uncertain state of all things human, and still more of all things political, upon being again permitted to take a seat in that chamber, either as officer or member, yet should such a fortune be in store for me, I should hardly dare to look that fish in the face again, had I absented myself, without the most compulsory and overruling reasons, from the celebration of this day.

Nor being here, Mr. President, can I find it in my heart to give any other sentiment than that suggested by this time-honored emblem. And did not the horizontal beams which now penetrate the seams of yonder canvas, warn me that the dinner must be soon relinquished for the dance, I should pray leave to enter briefly but seriously into some account of the influence which has been exerted upon our Commonwealth, and our whole country, from its earliest settlement to the present day, by the branch of industry which it was designed to represent. I had proposed so to do. But at this late hour, and while so many other gentlemen remain to be called upon, I should be unpardonable, were I to trespass longer on your patience. Let me only say then, as a sentiment,—

The Fisheries.—Their emblem is in our Halls of Legislation—may their interests never be absent from the hearts of those who have a seat there.

The Toast Master, in reading the following letter of Judge Mellen, introduced it briefly by a reference to the remarkable fact that, though Cape Cod furnished the least amount of litigation of any equally populous and busy community in the country, or he might add in the civilized world, yet it had furnished an unusual proportion of eminent and high Judiciary officers. Among these were our native townsman the present Chief Justice of the State, and one of the Associate Judges, (Morton) who was a descendant from Cape Cod ancestors. [His grandparents were of Sandwich.] The ex-Chief Justice of Maine was also an adopted citizen of Barnstable in the early part of his life. Judge George Thacher, late of the Supreme Court of this State, was a native of Yarmouth. Daniel Davis, the late Solicitor General, his father, Judge Daniel Davis, of the Common Pleas, and Col. James Otis, (the father of James Otis, who gave the first impulse to the ball of the American Revolution) a Judge of the Supreme Court under the Colony; were natives of Barnstable.

But though the Cape was so fertile in judges, the dockets of her Courts were scarcely more than form. Disputes were rare, and most of those were settled between the parties or left out to men. This fact was the more honorable to the people from the circumstance that there was a vast amount of active business involving every variety of contract out of which litigation was most likely to grow.

Mr. Hallett said that we should value this trait the more because we could trace it directly to the men who first landed at Provincetown. They brought it here with them, and it was one of the best among the grand *moral assets* of the inheritance they have bequeathed to us; for it is related

of them, that upon their departure from Leyden in Holland, (where they had resided for twelve years of their pilgrimage, before embarking for the new world;) the magistrates of Leyden, in the public place of Justice, made this memorable remark concerning them. "These English have lived among us now these twelve years, and yet we never had *any suit or accusation* come against *any* of them." Mr. H. concluded by hoping that the frugal people of Cape Cod might always cherish the notions their Ancestors had about going to law.

From Judge MELLEN, ex-Chief Justice of Maine, to the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

PORTLAND, July 19, 1839.

Yours of the 13th inst. was received yesterday. Be assured, sir, that I entertain a grateful sense of the honor, which, in this instance has been conferred upon me. Your venerable town was the scene of my early years, immediately after leaving college, and a thousand delightful and interesting associations are intimately connected with the period when it constituted my home for several years, more than half a century since. It would add much to my happiness to revisit the scene, and join in the recollections and social joys of your celebration; but pre-engagements, of a professional character, are such that I must reluctantly decline accepting the invitation. My heart will be among you: and I avail myself of the privilege of being present, so far, as to place the subjoined toast at your disposal. Be pleased, sir, to accept, for yourself, and those whom you represent, my hearty thanks and best wishes.

With esteem and respect,
Your ob't servant,
PRENTISS MELLEN.

The Memory of James Otis.—An illustrious native of the town of Barnstable; an ornament of his country, and devoted champion of her freedom. The lightning of his genius and impassioned eloquence, threw a dazzling splendor on that life, which, at an after period, was instantly extinguished by the lightning of heaven.

As an appropriate and interesting appendage to this sentiment, Mr. WILLIAM F. OTIS was called upon to read at the dinner, the following letter from his father, Hon. HARRISON GRAY OTIS, who is a nephew of the illustrious

James Otis, whose name on this occasion as "the pioneer of American Independence," was held in most honorable reminiscence.

Letter from H. G. Otis.

Boston, Aug. 31, 1839.

Your polite invitation to attend the Centennial Jubilee at Barnstable was duly received; an answer has been delayed, in the hope of my being able to make it in person.

Many years have elapsed, since I found it expedient to impose upon myself the restraint of absence from all convivial assemblies, but the feelings of my heart dictate to me that this should be an exception. I am, however, embargoed by the gout, and can only send you my kindest sympathies and respects.

There can be, in the course of nature, but few persons present at your jubilee, who retain the vivid and precious recollections which I do of what Barnstable was in the year 1775; of its scenery, its localities, its people, and of their firmness and patriotism during that terrible year.

Barnstable was not only the place of the birth and residence of my immediate ancestors for four generations, but it afforded, to my childhood, an asylum from the storms of war and a retreat for my peaceful studies during the seige of Boston. I had been there but a few weeks, before the news arrived of the conflagration at Charlestown. This came to us, not in the shape which it has since assumed, of a real victory, though nominal defeat; but with the unmitigated horrors of conflagration and massacre, and as a specimen of the mode in which our peaceful villages were intended to be swept with the fire and sword.

Never can I forget the sensation of the people of Barnstable in that dismal hour; I sincerely believe, from impressions then made and constantly renewed since, that every man, capable of bearing arms, was ready to rush to the death in revenge of his martyred brethren, and in defence of his country. The minds of the people were convulsed by all the violent passions of our nature, except fear, which seemed be unknown.

From that time the good people of Barnstable and Cape Cod were harassed by perpetual alarms. The militia were constantly on the alert, the minute men and volunteers often slept upon their arms; on one day, the British tenders were making demonstrations outside of Sandy Neck, at other times their larger vessels were cruising off Hyannis and the southern coast, threatening to land, no one could tell where; and during the whole of this period, nothing was heard among the people of Barnstable, but the note of preparation, the voice of patriotism, and the universally expressed determination to conquer or to die.

These scenes, to say nothing of the part taken in them by my near

relatives, were sufficiently stirring to make a deep impression on the mind of a boy in his tenth year; but a thousand personal circumstances concurred to inspire me with a deep and abiding interest in Barnstable and its inhabitants.

I was placed at school with the amiable Mr. Hilliard, pastor of the East parish, where I passed my time from Mondays to Saturdays. On the last day of the week, I was sent for and conveyed to the patriarchal mansion, and attended on Sundays the religious instructions of the pious and venerable Mr. Shaw. In these weekly journeyings, I became familiar with the location of every house and building between my points of departure, and with the younger inmates of many of them; and I feel as if I could jot down, the principal part of them, upon a plan of the road.

At this school I formed a friendship, which has endured to this hour without any variableness or shadow of change, with Thomas H. Perkins, my fellow exile, whose successful enterprise and magnificent bounty, have raised him to be an ornament to his country and profession.

I also formed other intimate acquaintances, and among others, with the, then future, Solicitor General of this state;—he was somewhat my senior, and assumed some little pretensions over his schoolmates, in consequence of having been chief volunteer fifer to the Barnstable minute men; in the rudiments of which art, as well as of agriculture, he was instructed by a Patagonian Sybil, named Phillis, his father's servant, who taught him alternately to play the fife and to plough potatoes.

Barnstable was not only the scene of my earliest friendship, but of my first love. I became enamoured of a very charming young person, nearly of my own age—but the course of this love did not run smoothly. In an innocent ramble over the fields and hedges with her and other young persons, she had the misfortune to lose a necklace of genuine gold beads; the fault was neither hers, nor mine, but of the string on which they were threaded; but still, as real mint drops were in that day very valuable and treasury notes greatly on the decline, the circumstance brought me into some discredit with the family as accessory to a loss, which impaired the faculty of resuming specie payments, when the time should arrive, and resulted in a future non-intercourse.

These bagatelles I fear may seem to be misplaced and too light for the occasion; but I feel as if I were writing to my kinsfolk, and am anxious to gain credit for sincerity on expressing my sense of the claims of Barnstable and her people upon my affectionate recollection and respect.

It would indeed be most gratifying to me, to witness the transition of Barnstable and its inhabitants from the clouds that hovered over them, in my time, to that sunshine of prosperity which enables her, this day, to present a spectacle which her patriots and patriarchs would have rejoiced to see, but could not have been sanguine enough

to have anticipated. But I must submit to my disappointment, and content myself with hoping that whatever changes may happen in the circumstances of her people, their character, as well as that of the other inhabitants of Cape Cod, may remain as it was in the beginning, and is now,

"Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please."

I have the honor to be, with great consideration and respect,

Your ob't serv't,

H. G. OTIS.

The following sentiment was sent by an eminent member of the Baltimore Bar, and lineal descendant of Governor Thomas Hinckley, of Barnstable, who was the Executive of Plymouth Colony from 1681 till its union with Massachusetts in 1692.

By Edward Hinckley, of Baltimore. The Exports of Cape Cod.—May they be, for generations to come, what they have been in generations past, men of intelligence and integrity; commodities which never fail to bring welcome returns.

By one of the Marshals of the day. Thomas Hinckley, the last Governor of Plymouth Colony and the only Chief Magistrate that resided in Barnstable. May his numerous descendants among us, hold in reverence his exemplary piety, strive to imitate his virtuous unostentatious and industrious life, and each of them have as good a wife and make as good a husband as he did.

The Toast Master announced the following well deserved tribute to our escort, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, which was warmly received.

The New England Guards.—A gallant specimen of an independent, self-sustained, volunteer militia. Cape Cod gives them to-day, as friends, what they are always prepared to give their country's enemies —a warm reception.

Capt. Bigelow, on the part of the corps, replied, in a neat and brief address, and concluded by offering the following sentiment:

The town of Barnstable.—Honored in the history of the past, distinguished in the present by the talents and patriotism of her sons. May the future see no change but that consequent upon the progress and improvement of succeeding generations.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

[The following is a specimen of the spirit and feeling which pervaded the whole company. We regret that we could not collect and string together all the pearls that adorned that day.]

By the Chief Marshal of the day, Henry Crocker.—Cape Cod and her emigrant children. Though her sterile soil and circumscribed boundaries shall continue to expatriate her sons to wider fields of enterprise and into more certain paths to greatness—yet may she, on her tricentennial Jubilee, gather home to her rejoicings, a like goodly family—eminent in the jurisprudence and literature of the State, and of enviable rank in the science, commerce and productive labor of the whole world—none of whom shall ever forget their origin, or be ashamed of their ancestry.

By the Toast Master. The prophecy of James Otis in 1768, verified by living history on his native soil, in 1839. "Our fathers (said he to a British advocate of the Stamp Act) were a good people, we have been a free people and if you will not let us remain so any longer, we shall be a great people."

By Nathaniel Hinckley. The next Centennial—May it find our places filled by those, who, having heeded the injunction of the pious Robinson, "to adopt and practice upon any new principles of truth which might break forth," shall be blessed in the exercise of perfect civil and religious liberty and equality.

By Rev. Henry Hersey. Inhabitants of Cape Cod.—The purity of their love for their ancestry is evidenced, in a remarkable degree, by the fact that they have travelled longer than those of neighboring communities, in the good old ways of their fathers.

By Benjamin Hallet of Barnstable, a revolutionary soldier and seaman. Revolutionary light—May it continue to shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day of civil and religious freedom.

By Joshua Sears, of Boston. The spirit of the Pilgrims—the spirit of reasonable liberty; the liberty of conscience, and the liberty to exercise their own judgment in the management of their domestic affairs. No perils, no sufferings deterred them in the pursuit. May the same spirit animate their posterity to defend and perpetuate what their Fathers acquired.

By W. J. Dewey, of New Orleans, a Cape Codder. Cape Cod Fishermen—May their "lines ever fall in pleasant places," for they always gain more by hook than by crook.

Tune—'It was Sam Jones the Fisherman.'

By Capt. Josiah Sturgis, of the U. S. Cutter Hamilton. Commerce —May every fathom of cordage employed in its service prove a halter and every yard of canvass a pall, to its enemies.

By Capt. Benjamin Rich of Boston, (sent.) The whole of Cape Cod —When our Pilgrim Fathers wrote out the records of Liberty upon the one end, the other furnished the sand that kept them from blotting.

By Russell Freeman. Mr. President, much has been said and sung about the Last Cock'd Hat—I propose to you, sir, and I do it with reverence,

The Last White Wig—The memory of the Rev. Timothy Alden, who lived and died the minister of Yarmouth, and whose life filled nearly half the space of the time we celebrate.

By a Marshal of the day. Civilization and Social Liberty—Two hundred years have brought them to perfection: can any doubt it, when we see around this festive board, on such an occasion, the bright faces and glowing smiles of our fair country women?

By a Lady. Chief Justice Shaw—There is *HOPE in the Judiciary.

By Francis Bassett, Clerk of the U. S. District Court, (a native.) Cape Cod—The first discovered land of the Pilgrims, it will be the last to lose sight of their virtues.

By John L. Dimmock, one of the Marshals. Our descendants in 1939—May they then as we do now—come from the North, South, East and West, and celebrate our natal day—with an honest pride and pleasure worthy of their ancestors.

By S. B. Phinney. The Commerce of the U. States.—The wealth of the Indies could never repay the sons of Cape Cod, for their toils and sacrifices, to extend its bounds and perpetuate its prosperity. But the only reward they wish is the fruits of honest industry and a good conscience.

By F. W. Crocker. The Inhabitants of Cape Cod.—Their birthplace a narrow strip of earth, their homes the whole surface of the globe.

By John Henry Clifford, one of the Governor's Aids. Cape Cod—Her pine trees once furnished to Massachusetts the device for her flag. She has retained the prouder distinction of furnishing, through all her history, the truest hearts and the stoutest arms by which that flag has been defended.

By Col. Peter Dunbar, of Boston. The Cape Codders of 1639.—May their descendants for two hundred years to come be as patriotic, industrious and virtuous as they were, and the inhabitants of these United States will never suffer for want of Codfish or have a prohibitory act to prevent eating them.

By E. M. Gardner, of Nantucket. The Scholars of Barnstable County, absent and present.—Amid the fairest flowers in the garden of our Literature, and among the noblest trees upon the hill of Science, we find exotics from the barren sands of Cape Cod; those sands that were early pressed by the Pilgrim's feet, and are still the home of the Pilgrim Spirit.

By Henry J. Oliver, of Boston. Our Forefathers—

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*The name of the wife of the Chief Justice, a Barnstable lady.

"The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

By B. F. Hallett, of Boston. Cape Cod Farmers.—One of the best samples of that frugal and virtuous class who labor in the earth; of whom Jefferson well said "They are the chosen people of God, if ever he had a chosen people, whose breast he has made his peculiar deposite for substantial and genuine virtues."

By James Harlow, of Carver. Religious Freedom.—A sentiment in which every true American must concur. He should wear it upon his arm, and bind it upon his heart, and guard it as the most sacred right of man.

By Thomas W. Sears, of Boston. Cape Cod.—The place where the wanderers in the "May Flower" first found a resting place. It has since been distinguished as a place of rest and hospitality to the tempest-tossed mariner, and the weary traveller.

By Walter Crocker, one of the Vice Presidents. Descendants of the Pilgrims.—May we act well our part in handing down in their purity, the blood-bought privileges, civil and religious, which our Pilgrim Fathers, under God, handed to us, even to the latest generations—and finally meet the former with the latter, around his throne to celebrate his praises through eternity.

By J. Farris, of Plymouth. Our Ancestors and our Posterity.—May we never forget that the only way we can discharge our obligations to the former is transmitting their dearly-bought bequest of freedom, unimpaired to the latter.

The following alluded to the Rock, a mile west from the Court House, on the main road, where Lothrop and his Church partook of the communion on the first settlement.

By Uriel Crocker, of Boston. The West Barnstable Church—the first independent Congregational Church in the world.—May the adhesion of their descendants to the principles of civil and religious Liberty, be as firm as the consecrated Rock around which their Fathers worshipped with the venerated Lothrop.

By Prince Hawes, of Boston. Cape Cod.—Though barren in her soil, she is productive of men who honor the Bench and the Bar—who flourish in commerce—are respectable as mechanics—industrious in their husbandry—and the fame of her seamen is proverbial the world over.

By Z. D. Bassett. The Beauty, Brilliancy and Order of the scene before us: May Heaven's richest blessing rest upon it;—and in that day when God shall make up his Jewels, not an individual be missing.

By Joseph A. Davis. Cape Cod Farms.—Selected less for the depth of their soil, than the depth of their soundings.

By Adolphus Davis, of Boston. The Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements—The skilful navigator to the wealth of the Indies.

[The following were by the absent and the present without the names being appended. We have found all so good, that not a single sentiment which came to the hands of the Toast Master was omitted.]

Cape Cod—Though she may not boast of her colleges and halls of learning, she has a prouder moral monument in her nursery of hardy, industrious and fearless mariners, the Fisheries: the great primary school of our gallant navy.

Our Clergy—Laborers in the good vineyard, may they inculcate temperance in all things, and eschew fanaticism.

Boston and Cape Cod—As inseparable in their mutual relations to each other, and as unpalatable alone as codfish and potatoes.

A fair division—Clams, quahaugs and codfish to our friends—the shells and scales to our enemies.

The Union—May the maxim adopted by the Fathers of the Revolution be recognized and respected by their posterity to the last period of time,—"That united we stand, divided we fall."

The County of Barnstable—She points to this assembly, and in the language of the Roman matron of old, exclaims, "Lo! these are my jewels."

Cape Cod industry, Cape Cod frugality, Cape Cod prosperity and Cape Cod forever.

The Ladies of Cape Cod—Pre-eminently exemplary for all the domestic virtues.

By this time the last rays of the sun were passing through the Pavilion, and the ladies began to think of dressing for the ball. It was time to retire, though half the good things on hand had not been served up. There were letters to be read from several distinguished invited guests, who had been obliged to decline being present.

An original song, by a descendant of Cape Cod, was sung by the whole company to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," and the gratified assembly, apparently charmed with all they had enjoyed and with each other, left the Pavilion at 7 o'clock, in the same admirable good order that distinguished every movement of this ever memorable day. "And," in the words of the Apochrapha, "they ordained with a common decree (for their posterity) in no case to let that day pass without solemnity."

The following is the Song referred to:

SONG.

TUNE—AULD LANG SYNE.

Across the sea for other homes,
  And leaving all behind,
Our fathers came from England's shores,
  A refuge here to find.

CHORUS.

The rolling sea, the whistling wind,
  The peril and the toil,
Ah! what were these compared with joys
  They found on Freedom's soil!

They left the green fields of a home,
  The sympathy of love,
The luxuries of social life,
  A trackless path to rove.

CHORUS.

They left behind all thought of wealth,
  The joys of age and youth,
Resolved to hold a nobler aim,—
  The sacred love of Truth.

And now two hundred years have passed,—
  With grateful praise to GOD,
We turn our steps to honor those
  Who sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS.

To HIM who staid the savage arm,
  Who made our fathers free,
Our hearts as brothers we would raise,
  As brothers bend the knee.

Oh! sacred be this spot to us,—
  The sons of Freedom's sires,—
Although it teem not with the fruits
  Which grow 'mid tropic fires!

CHORUS.

Dearer its sands, than those gay scenes
  O'er which we elsewhere roam,—
No grace it needs to make it sweet,
  For 'tis our fathers' home.

The North, the South, the East, the West,
  May all declare their worth,—
This is a spot we cherish more
  Than all the rest of earth:

CHORUS.

And though full many years have passed,
And time hath changed us some,
Let all join hearts and hands as one,
And bless the Pilgrims' home.

The closing scene was the Ball in the splendidly decorated hall prepared for the occasion, in the rear of the new Court House, 76 by 40 feet in extent. The hand of taste had enriched it with every elegant decoration. The walls and roof were hung with white cloth, presented by a gentleman of Boston for the occasion, which beautifully contrasted with the wreaths of evergreens and flowers that festooned the sides and entwined the pillars and rafters in most graceful arrangement, interspersed with horns of plenty and appropriate adornments; the whole brilliantly lighted with chandeliers and side lamps in rich profusion. Over the door was the inscription in evergreen, (which also hung at the entrance to the Pavilion) "Barnstable incorporated A. D. 1639," and in front of the Orchestra in large capitals,

"WELCOME HOME."

The Court Room was transformed, as if by magic into a supper hall, and never was a place of justice filled with such a throng of beauty. The round tables of the lawyers were more graced by the fair recipients of their delicate refreshments, than if they had been the veritable round table of King Arthur's gallant Knights. The walls were decorated with choice portraits of James Otis, Judge Daniel Davis, his son Solicitor General Davis, Judge George Thacher, late of the Supreme Court, Charles Hallett, and other sons of Barnstable:

Between the columns of the gallery was suspended a venerable *cradle*, built by the Great Grand Father of Dr.

Thacher, and a blanket brought over in one of the early vessels of the settlers wrecked on Thacher's Island near Cape Ann. These relics have been preserved for more than one hundred years in the family of Peter Thacher, of Yarmouth.

The refreshments for the ball prepared by Mr. Wright, were as successfully and agreeably provided as was the dinner, and the graceful dance was continued until an early hour.

In the evening there was a shower of sky rockets, but, as if the powers above smiled propitious on this joyous occasion, the whole sky was sublimely illuminated by a magnificent display of Heaven's own fireworks, an aurora borœalis, which shot up its radiant light from all the surrounding horizon to the zenith, in a galaxy of glory. And so ended this never to be forgotten festival.

SECOND COURSE OF THE CENTENNIAL.

We will now notice the only omissions which have occurred to us, in the general account of the day. The reception of the Boston Committee and Guests at the landing, by the Barnstable Committee, was appropriate and cordial. David Crocker, Esq., as Chairman of the latter, and Hon. William Sturgis of the former, with their fellow committeemen, interchanged greetings and repaired to their respective quarters. Among the decorations of the Pavilion, the flags that floated from the three staffs in the centre and wings, should not have been forgotten. In the centre moved the national flag, with its *thirteen* stripes, corresponding, by the way, to the *thirteen* towns of Barnstable County. On the left was a flag, for the occasion, with the Massachusetts arms, an Indian, &c., and on the right another with the *pine tree*, which was the Old Plymouth Colony emblem, the flag under which the brave men of New England fought many a gallant battle in the old French wars.

The following letters were received by the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, from invited guests, who were unable to be present:

From Ex-President Adams.

Quincy, July 23, 1839.

I have received, with grateful sensibility, the invitation to attend the celebration of the Second Centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Barnstable, and to participate in its festivities.

It would give me great pleasure to accept this proposal, and I regret that a precarious state of health, and the growing infirmities of age, with engagements which confine me necessarily at home, deprive me of the hopes of being able to share in the enjoyments of the day.

That the inhabitants of Barnstable, at the close of every century of their corporate existence, may have equal cause to rejoice in their condition, and to glory in their ancestry with those of the present day,

will be the unceasing wish and the fervent prayer of their friend and fellow citizen. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

From Judge Story, of the United States Supreme Court.

Cambridge, August 17, 1839.

I have deferred answering your letter for some time, under the expectation that I might possibly be able to accept the polite invitation of the Committee of Arrangements to unite with them in the celebration of the second Centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of Barnstable. It is now certain, that my engagements will prevent me from participating in the festivities of such an interesting day. I beg to return, however, to the Committee, my sincere acknowledgments for the honor which they have done me, and to assure them that I should have been highly gratified in visiting your venerable town on so joyous an occasion. If I had been able to be present, I should have asked leave to offer as a toast—

The Town of Barnstable—The sands of her shores may shift, but the principles of the Fathers remain unchanged and unchangeable in their Children.

I have the honor to remain,
Very respectfully,
Your obliged servant,
JOSEPH STORY.

From Judge Davis, of the United States District Court.

Boston, August 26, 1839.

It would be highly gratifying to me to attend the celebration of the second Centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of Barnstable.

Circumstances, not to be disregarded, oblige me to deny myself the pleasure of meeting with the happy thousands, who will be assembled on that occasion. Though absent, my heart will be with you.

These Centennial observances are of no common holiday character. A filial duty is thus honorably discharged, instructive lessons are inculcated, and considerations of salutary and abiding influence, suggested and impressed.

The early settlement of the Cape towns, with the best principles of social order, and with the gladsome light of Christianity, I have ever considered a most happy occurrence for our beloved country. The whole community, and, especially, the commercial world, have had large experience of its beneficial effects. In addition to such precious results, those settlements have, I believe, been found to afford support and comfort to their population, not surpassed in locations of greater apparent promise. Of this there is abundant evidence. It is manifested by the cordial attachment to their native home, uniformly observable in the sons and daughters of the Cape, wherever dispersed.

Their own poet, John Osborn, of Eastham, early in the last century, indicated that sentiment, in his Whaling Song, when describing a departure, in that employment, at the opening of spring:

"Cape Cod, our dearest native land,
We leave astern, and lose
Its sinking cliffs and lessening sands,
While zephyr gently blows.

The effusions of that child of genius always occurred to recollection, when viewing, on some bright day, the magnificent sweep of the Cape, from the heights between Plymouth and Sandwich.

If with you, at your festival, I should ask permission to offer the subjoined sentiment, which is submitted to the disposal of the Committee. Very respectfully

Your obedient servant,
JOHN DAVIS.

The Right Arm of Massachusetts Bay—Strong, steady and efficient, never weary in well doing.

From Judge WILDE, of the Supreme Court.

BOSTON, July 30th, 1839.

I received, a few days since, your obliging favor of the 13th instant, by which, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangments, you have done me the honor to invite my attendance at the celebration of the second Centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Barnstable. For which I pray you, and the committee, to accept my best thanks. I regret exceedingly that my engagements are such that I am obliged to deny myself the pleasure of participating in the festivities of the day; but though absent from you in the body, I shall be present with you in the spirit; and on this interesting occasion, I beg leave to transmit to you my best wishes for the increasing prosperity of your good town;—may it continue not only for another century, but as long as the sun and the moon shall endure!

Among the descendants of our Pilgrim Fathers none have done more to sustain the honor, good morals, and prosperity of our country, than the industrious, intelligent and enterprising sons of the Cape—those of your town always taking the lead. And this, under Providence, may be principally attributed to that which may have been erroneously considered as a local disadvantage and misfortune—namely, the lightness and poverty of your soil, which have led to, and established early and continued habits of industry among the people; without which no country can long continue prosperous and happy. For as idleness is the mother of all vices, so industry is the mother of all virtues which adorn the human character.

With great respect,
I am, dear sir,
Your friend and servant,
S. S. WILDE.

Judge MORTON, of the Supreme Court, was also obliged to decline an acceptance of the invitation, which, in a private letter to a friend, he stated he had hoped to be able to comply with until the last day of August. He mentions the fact of being himself almost a Cape Cod man, both his grandparents having removed from Sandwich to Taunton.

From Judge DEWEY, of the Supreme Court.

NORTHAMPTON, August 26th, 1839.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the invitation of "the Committee of Arrangements, appointed by the citizens of Barnstable, for the celebration of the second Centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of that town, requesting me to be present on that occasion, and to participate in its festivities."

The event you propose to commemorate is truly one of thrilling interest. If the descendants of Cape Cod are fully represented on the occasion, you will find around you a brotherhood embracing in its circle many of our wisest, most learned and patriotic citizens in our Commonwealth. Such men will, I doubt not, do ample justice to the day.

It would give me great pleasure to be with you on this interesting occasion, but my official duties on the Circuits call me elsewhere.

Respectfully,
Your ob't serv't,
CHARLES A. DEWEY.

From Lieut. Governor HULL.

SANDISFIELD, Aug. 25th, 1839.

Your letter of July 13th, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, inviting me to be present at the proposed Celebration of the second Centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Barnstable, was duly received, and you would have received a more prompt reply, had I been enabled, at an earlier day, to decide whether I should be able to gratify my strong inclination to visit your interesting section of the Commonwealth, on the occasion alluded to.

I regret now, that circumstances will prevent my being present and participating in the festivities of the day—but beg leave to offer a brief sentiment, which I hope may not be deemed unfitting the occasion.

With much respect,
Your obedient servant,
GEORGE HULL.

The Matron of two Centuries—Whose prolific properties increase with her years. May her sons always continue patriotic, and her daughters virtuous.

Letter from the Collector of Boston.

BOSTON, August 30, 1839.

I cannot easily express to you how much I regret my inability to be present at the great Celebration at Barnstable. My heart will be with those who commemorate the early days, when Gosnold adventurously landed on the promontory of Cape Cod; when Smith, pressing boldly from isle to isle, from inlet to inlet, made himself familiar with its streams and harbors; when the Pilgrims, enduring every hardship, and manifesting every virtue, in their settlements round the bay, and lighted the little candles, which have kindled into a brightness, that earth itself cannot overshadow. I beg leave to offer as a sentiment,

The Memory of Bartholomew Gosnold—A martyr to his zeal for America. His early death prevented his beholding his vision realized. It shall not defraud him of his well earned fame.

With every sentiment of respect,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

The following sentiment was designed to have called up Mr. Bancroft, had he been present:

The History of the United States—In his researches into the foundation and structure of our republican institutions, the philosophical and faithful historian must make his first pilgrimage to the cabin of the May Flower, "where humanity recovered its rights, and instituted government on the basis of equal laws and the general good."*

Hon. John Davis, United State Senator, it was expected would have been present, and to have replied to the following:

Commerce and Fisheries—Two centuries ago the navigation of New England consisted of a single vessel and a little shallop. To-day her thousand ships, and her fleets of hardy Fishermen, penetrate every sea, secure in the protection of the General Government, and the vigilance and eloquence of able defenders of her interests in the National Councils.

Letter from the President of Harvard University.

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*See Bancroft's History of United States.

CAMBRIDGE, August 31, 1839.

I have delayed answering your invitation, from my great unwillingness to decline joining in a celebration so appropriate and interesting. But I find my official duties, at the present period of the College year urgent, and my presence at the University indispensable. I am compelled, therefore, with regret, to decline the proffered honor of attending your celebration. As having been once the residence of one branch of my maternal ancestry, the town of Barnstable has a strong claim on my affections, and in common with all the intelligent inhabitants of our land, I hold it in grateful remembrance as the place of the birth and education of many seamen, merchants and statesmen, who in times past have been and at this day are among the most successful, useful, and honored citizens of the metropolis and of the Commonwealth.

I ask leave to propose the following sentiment for the occasion.

Very respectfully,

Your humble servant,

JOSIAH QUINCY.

The Town of Barnstable—Planted by the fearless spirit of the Fathers of New England, among rocks, and sands, and seas, it stands —may it forever stand!—a monument to the prosperity and honor of those, who exemplify in their lives, the industry, fidelity and virtues of their pilgrim ancestors.

From the Treasurer of the Commonwealth.

TREASURY OFFICE,
BOSTON, July 30, 1839.

For your polite invitation to participate in the festivities of the second Centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of your town, you will please accept my thanks.

I regret that my engagements will prevent me from being present on that joyous occasion.

That the good town of Barnstable may enjoy Heaven's richest blessings for many centuries yet to come, is the sincere wish of your much obliged friend, DAVID WILDER.

From the Secretary of the Commonwealth.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
BOSTON, August 31, 1839.

I esteem it a most distinguished honor to have been invited to the Centennial Festival of your ancient town; and it is with no ordinary regret that I feel constrained to forego the pleasure of being present.

In token of my heartfelt interest in the occasion, and my respect for the people of the Cape, I ask leave to submit the accompanying sentiment.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN P. BIGELOW.

The thirteen towns of Cape Cod—Their hardy sons, in the pursuits of peace, or the conflicts of war, have nobly upheld the thirteen National Stripes on every sea. The nation recognizes, with pride and honor, their enterprise and bravery.

The day after the celebration, which was as lovely as the preceding, our friends from abroad embarked in the steamer Bangor, at 9 o'clock, and returned homeward, amid the loud echo of cannon and the silent prayer for their prosperity and happiness. May our posterity at the next centennial have as much reason to rejoice, and as many and as good friends to reciprocate the joy with them, as we have had at this.

SONG,

INTENDED FOR THE DINNER AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

AT BARNSTABLE, BY A NATIVE.

I would not breathe my latest sigh
  Upon a foreign strand,
And sink into my final rest,
  Within a distant land;—
No, rather let my last repose
  Be on my native shore,
Where the wild sea-bird's frequent note
  Blends with the ocean's roar.

It is not that in other climes,
  I would not like to rove,
Where fragrant flowers and warbling birds
  Perfume and deck the grove;
Oh no! for life then hastens on
  Serenely to its end,
And with dear friends 't were paradise,
  Existence there to spend.

But yet this barren sandy soil
  A cradle was to me,
And cooling breezes fann'd my brow,
  From yonder swelling sea:—
Therefore when death shall come to me,
  As come full soon he will,
I'd meet him here, amid these scenes
That speak of boyhood still.

At a meeting of the Cape Cod Historical Society, held Feb. 22, 1897, it was voted that the proceedings of the celebration of the Second Centennial of the settlement of the town of Barnstable, with the oration of Hon. John Gorham Palfrey, be republished under the auspices of this society. Messrs. Charles F. Swift, Samuel Snow and Henry C. Thacher were appointed a committee to carry the vote into effect. Major S. B. Phinney, who published the proceedings, cheerfully gave his consent to the republication of the pamphlet.

A DISCOURSE

PRONOUNCED AT BARNSTABLE

ON THE THIRD OF SEPTEMBER, 1839,

AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE

SECOND CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

SETTLEMENT OF CAPE COD.

By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY.

BOSTON:
FERDINAND ANDREWS.
1840.

CAMBRIDGE:
FOLSOM, WELLS AND THURSTON,
PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

DISCOURSE.

We are assembled to celebrate, with suitable observance, the two hundredth anniversary of the legal organization of a civilized community on the peninsula of Cape Cod. It was in the summer or autumn of 1639, and, according to a credible account, on the third day of September, that an act of the General Court of Plymouth Colony incorporated the town of Barnstable; which accordingly is found to have deputies present at the next quarterly Court, held in December of that year.* The incorporation of Sandwich and Yarmouth, it seems, had already taken place, as they were represented at the Court held in the preceding June, the first after the adoption of the representative form of government in the place of meetings of the whole body of freemen. From these three towns, which, with the four others of earliest settlement, namely, Plymouth, Duxbury, Scituate and Taunton, then constituted the whole of the Plymouth jurisdiction, the plantations, in process of time, were extended to the extreme point, in what is now Provincetown. And when, in the year 1685, the territory of Plymouth, having then a population, it is probable, of about eight thousand souls, was set off into three counties, the Cape towns were made to constitute the County of Barn-

*To the reasons assigned in the Report of the town's Committee, May 8th, 1839, for fixing on the 3d day of September, as the date of the incorporation the following may be added. A vote of the General Court of Plymouth, passed on the 1st of January, 1634, determined that the Courts should thenceforward be holden "upon the first Tuesday in every month, viz. March, June, September and December;" and the first Tuesday of September, 1639, fell on the third day of that month, Old Style.

stable, as they have continued to do to the present time.

The Committee, at whose invitation I occupy this place, know the strong misgivings with which I undertook a service otherwise on every account most grateful and welcome, because of my inability, for reasons stated to them, to do it even that poor justice, to which, under more favorable circumstances, I might have been competent. But, being here, I will take up none of your time with apologies, nor use any further preface, except to say, that, if my hearers find themselves called upon to honor a longer draft upon their patience than either they or I would have wished, it is simply because, as Erasmus said of his too long letter to a friend, "I had not the time to be shorter."

This great concourse bears witness at once to the inherent interest of the occasion which has invited it, and declares that there is no insensibility to that interest on the part of those, to whom belongs the precious joint inheritance of the good name of a brave and godly ancestry. We are no such unworthy sons of worthy fathers, that we could be content to have this day see us anywhere but by the *gentis cunabula nostræ*, the cradle of the now wide-spread race, or to have it see us assembled here only as cold spectators of a pompous pageant. No; I am sure, that I only express the thought, which is uppermost in every bosom that claims an hereditary share in this day's commemoration, when I say for myself, that no earthly bribe would tempt me to resign the knowledge, if it could be resigned, that I belong to the lineage of those staunch and true men, who sowed the seeds of that harvest, which two centuries have been ripening in this excellently productive region of Cape Cod. Productive, I make free to call it. Unpromising, penurious, it may look upon the surface. Largely bountiful, however, it has proved itself in the best abundance, that of sense and virtue.

Some of us have lived, as they were born, near to the spot where we are assembled. Others, from their wanderings to and fro, come to-day to do it reverence as the native soil, from which they drew principles and habits, that have made them prosperous and honored wherever they have gone to seek their fortunes in the wide world. To the hearts of

others yet, who may not claim it as their birthplace, it is hallowed by moving associations as the home of beloved parents or revered forefathers; and in this class I include our friends, who have gathered with us from the neighboring towns to keep this festival; for who is there of them, that has not blood in his veins from this our copious Barnstable fountain? In short, here we are, fellow-citizens and friends, a band of brothers and sisters,—of cousins, at the furthest,—seated, a widely-gathered family meeting, on the broad and hospitable ancestral hearth-stone. We meet in hearty good-will; and we do not mean to separate till we have made each other's better acquaintance, talking over old times so sociably together, that, parting, we may go again on our several ways, rejoicing in and profited by the interview, more concerned for each other's good fortune and honor, and more ambitious, one and all, to do credit to the stout stock we grew upon.

In proceeding to tell that old world's tale, with which alone the occasion prompts the lips of the speaker, it will be necessary for me, in order to keep any terms with the extent of the subject, to confine myself, for the most part, to events of which the town of Barnstable has been the scene; and, still further, to limit my observations to a few prominent periods in its history. And in this latter particular of the course proposed, I shall feel the rather justified, because I think it will be found, that, at critical periods, this town has always come forward to take its full share in public measures and responsibilities; while, in quiet and prosperous times, it has been content to give a quiet attention to its own affairs, still doing well its own work in the world, but contributing few materials for history.

The southern cape of Massachusetts Bay has been known to navigators since the year 1602. On the fifteenth day of May in that year, Bartholomew Gosnold, on a voyage from Falmouth in England to the north part of Virginia (a name which early included almost all the territory now known as New England), saw a headland in the forty-second degree of north latitude, near to which he anchored, and, catching there "great store of cod-fish," named it *Cape Cod*. When, in 1620, the first company of Pilgrims, in the *Mayflower*,

were treacherously brought far north of their destination, which was to Hudson's River, the first land which they made was Cape Cod; and, in the harbor of Provincetown, on the eleventh day of November, old style, was executed that document, which, realizing, for the first time in the world's history, the philosophical fiction of a *Social Compact*, became the basis of their colony government.

In July, 1621, Barnstable harbor was visited by a party of ten men from Plymouth, in a shallop, commanded by Captain Miles Standish. They came in quest of a boy, who had been lost in the woods, and who, it appeared, had fallen in with a party of Indians, and been conducted by them to Nauset, now Eastham. They were courteously received by the young sachem of the territory, who was named Iyanough. He accompanied them to Nauset, and, having aided them to accomplish the object of their expedition, dismissed them, after many mutual pledges of friendship. Subsequently, frequent excursions were made by the Plymouth people to Cummaquid and Matakiest, both which names belonged to what is now included in Barnstable, for the purpose of obtaining corn from the natives.

There were some English settlers here as early as 1638, as an order of the Plymouth Court, for that year, appointing men in each town and plantation to exercise the people in arms, assigns that charge to Thomas Dimmock for Barnstable. But the number probably was small; and the body of the early planters belonged to the Scituate church, which, (or rather a majority of its members), with its minister, the Reverend Mr. John Lothrop, emigrated from that town to this, arriving here on the eleventh day of October, 1639.

This circumstance makes the First Church in Barnstable the representative of the first Congregational church established in England, unless, which perhaps was the fact, the church of John Robinson, now surviving in that of Plymouth, was organized on Congregational principles before he left the mother country for Holland. Mr. Henry Jacob, a clergyman of the English Church, who had written a book against the English Congregationalists, or, as they were then called, *Brownists*, who were in exile on the continent, going over to Leyden, and falling in there with

Robinson, ended by embracing his principles of church order and discipline. Returning home he established, in 1616, a society after the Congregational model, and ministered to it himself eight years; at the end of which time, departing to Virginia, he was succeeded in his place by Mr. John Lothrop, a graduate of the University of Oxford, who, like himself, had been in episcopal orders. At the end of eight years more, the congregation, which, of course, conducted its worship in strict privacy, was discovered, by the bishop's pursuivant, at the house of a brewer's clerk in Black-Friars, London. Forty-two persons were apprehended; eighteen escaped. Those who were taken were confined in different prisons for two years, and were then released upon bail, except their minister, for whom no favor could be obtained. "During the time of his imprisonment,"—this is the simple record of Morton, in his "Memorial," who wastes no words, for he had many such sad stories to tell,—"his wife fell sick, of which sickness she died. He procured liberty of the bishop to visit his wife before her death, and commended her to God by prayer, who soon after gave up the ghost. At his return to prison, his poor children, being many, repaired to the bishop at Lambeth, and made known unto him their miserable condition, by reason of their good father's being continued in close durance, who commiserated their condition so far as to grant him liberty, who soon after came over into New England." What a picture of the condition of those melancholy times! that meek witness for Christ obtaining, as a great boon, the privilege of going to make one prayer by his dying wife's bedside; those poor orphan children drying their eyes with their mother's shroud, to go and implore of the bishop's clemency, that he would let their widowed father out of a loathsome gaol, on condition that he would betake himself to the ends of the earth, never more to lift a voice for his Master within the realm of England.

Another interesting fact, connected with that primitive English Congregational church, which still survives in our church at Great Marshes, is, that from its bosom also proceeded the first English Baptist church; so that it is further entitled to the eminent rank of parent of the now

very numerous churches of that denomination, both in England and America. It was in Mr. Lothrop's church that the question respecting the authority for infant baptism was first moved in England, and it was seceders from that church who laid the foundation of this respectable communion.

Mr. Lothrop, leaving Mr. Canne, still well known as the author of the marginal references to the Bible, to minister to the portion of his flock which remained in England, came, with the principal part of it, to this country, landing at Boston, on the 18th of September, 1634. He proceeded in a few days to Scituate, where a meeting-house had previously been erected, and there, to use the phrase of those days, he was presently "called to office," being the predecessor there of President Chauncy. Five years he remained in Scituate, during which time the differences respecting the rite of baptism, which had divided his friends in England, manifested themselves also there; and partly, it is probable, on this account, as well as for the distinctly alleged reason of a view to the benefit of "the hay grounds," —that is, on the Great Marshes,— he resolved to emigrate with the majority of his church to this place. Their first destination had been to Seipigan, now Rochester, and lands had there been assigned to them. But this spot was their maturer preference.

I know not that there was anything to distinguish the planters of Barnstable from the rest of those good men, who, escaping from the civil and ecclesiastical oppression which was grinding them in their English home, formed the early settlements of New England. It is enough to say in their praise that they belonged to that noble company. Arrived here, such information as can be gathered from the town books respecting their pursuits, shows that these were for the most part agricultural, and that it was only by degrees that the advantages of their situation for the employments of fishing and of navigation were perceived and turned to account, as they have been so largely in later times. Most of the records of that early period relate to titles to land, as purchased from the Indians, granted by the town to single inhabitants, and passing from hand to hand among them. The principle of original distribution of

both meadow and uplands, it appears, was, that one-third part of the common property should be assigned "in equal parts to every house-lot"; one-third part, "according to men's estates"; and the other third part, "to the number of names" that were "*immovable*," that is, to such residents in the plantation as were married, or were twenty-four years of age. No one was allowed to purchase land of the natives on his private account. With them the whole intercourse was, from first to last, of the most amicable character. Not only were the town and county of Barnstable entitled to their full share in the boast of Governor Winslow, when, in 1675, he said, "Before the present troubles broke out, the English did not possess one foot of land in the colony, but what was fairly obtained by honest purchase of the Indian proprietors;" but I cannot learn that at any time since the settlement a single act of hostility has taken place, within the limits of the county, between the planters and the natives.

The Indians sold their land, it is true, for what seems to us a very small consideration. But this implies no over-reaching on the part of the purchasers. The first conveyance, of which the conditions are particularly recorded, was made in the year 1644, when Serunk, an Indian "dwelling on the South Sea," sells and makes over to the town of Barnstable "all the lands and meadow lying betwixt the bounds of Sandwich and the bounds of Paxit," another Indian, in consideration of "four coats and three axes;" and there are other transactions of similar tenor. But, if the Indian received but little in such bargains, what was it, let us ask, that he gave? Not the regular, permanent occupation of the soil; this, from his idle and roving habits, he never enjoyed, and did not care for; but simply the privilege of taking fish and game, now at this spot, and now at that, within the limits of the tract conveyed. And even this privilege he sometimes reserved, in which case all that he obtained by the barter was so much clear gain. For instance, in 1648, Paupnumuck, Sachem of South Sea, "with the consent of his brother, and all the rest of his associates, bargains and sells to Miles Standish, in the behalf and for the use of the inhabitants of Barnstable, all his and their

lands facing upon South Sea, a little beyond a brook, called the First Herring Brook westward, to Nepoyetum's and Seagumuck's land northward, excepting thirty acres [which he reserves for himself and his associates], and butting home to Iyanno's land eastward."* This he conveys in consideration of "two brass kettles, one bushel of Indian corn, and one half part of so much fence as will fence in the aforesaid thirty acres of land, to be made by the inhabitants." Then follows the proviso, that Paupnumuck and his associates "shall have free leave and liberty to hunt in the said lands and set traps," which, with their thirty neighboring acres for wigwams, was doubtless all the use they would have wished to make of the land, had they continued to hold it in fee. While they kept substantially what they always had had, they got their fence, their kettles, and corn; and they probably gave themselves credit for having the advantage of the new-comers in that bargain.

Mr. Lothrop died November 8th, 1653. By his will he gave to his wife one house in Barnstable, to his son Thomas another, and to his sons John in England and Benjamin here, each a cow and five pounds; "daughters Jane and Barbara," he says "having had their portion already." To each of his other children he gave a cow, and to each child "one book, to be chosen according to their ages;" the rest of his library he ordered to be "sold to any honest man, who could tell how to use it," and the proceeds to be divided. Morton, in his "Memorial," describes him as "a man of an humble and broken heart and spirit; lively in dispensation of the word of God; studious of peace; furnished with godly contentment; willing to spend and be spent for the cause and church of Christ." Among his eminent descendants were the late Reverend Dr. Lathrop of West Springfield and Dr. Lathrop of Boston, and the Honorable Samuel Lathrop, recently President of the Senate of Massachusetts. Prince names, among the manuscripts used by him in his "Chronological History," an "original register, wrote by the

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*"Iyanno's land" is the same tract, which now, by a corruption of the name, is known as Hyannis.

Reverend Mr. John Lothrop, recording the first affairs both of Scituate and Barnstable." But I suppose, that nothing is known of the fate of that precious document, and that there is no ground for hope, that it will ever be recovered.

Tradition designates the great rock in the highway, a little more than two miles west from us, near Mr. Isaac Hinckley's brick house, as the place of worship in the early part of Mr. Lothrop's ministry, as well as the place for elections, and for transacting the civil affairs of the town. A portion of that memorable rock was removed a few years ago, being thought to overhang the road in a dangerous manner. It was, however, happily only a portion; and it is to be presumed, that the fathers of the town will take care, that it be never molested again, except on some extreme occasion. The first meeting-house, of the erection of which we find any record, stood about a mile and a quarter west from this spot, on the west side of the old burying-ground. Four acres for a house-lot had been assigned to Mr. Lothrop soon after his arrival, on the eastern side of that inclosure, which had probably been used for interments from the first settlement. After the first five years of Mr. Lothrop's ministry, he was assisted for several years by Mr. Mayo, afterwards of Boston. From Mr. Lothrop's death there was no settled ministry for ten years; at the end of which time Mr. Thomas Walley was ordained, whom, say the church records, and Morton, who copies them, "the Lord was pleased to make a blessed peace-maker, and to improve him in the work of his house there, until March 24th, 1678, and then he called him out of this earthly tabernacle into a house not made with hands." Mr. Walley (who left children here, one of whom, Major John Walley, commanded the land forces in the expedition against Canada, under Sir William Phips, in 1690) was succeeded, September 16th, 1683, by the Reverend Jonathan Russell, son of that Russell, minister of Hadley, who for a time afforded a hiding-place in his cellar to Goffe, one of the fugitive judges of King Charles. Our venerable friend, Mr. Isaiah Green, here present, is the representative of that excellent stock; his grandmother, wife of the Reverend Joseph Green, afterwards minister of the east parish, having

been a daughter of the second Jonathan Russell, son and successor of him whom I just now named.

The company, which came from Scituate to this place, numbered twenty-five men. In 1641, some families were added from Lynn. In 1643, forty-five names of men are recorded; and in 1670, eighty-nine. In 1655, and the five or six following years, the Quakers occasioned much disturbance, and some dissension, in this as well as other parts of the colony; some good and influential men, among whom was Walley, the minister, being dissatisfied with the measures of severity towards them, which the majority thought it necessary to adopt. With this exception, as far as it appears, the affairs of the town and county kept on, quite evenly, the noiseless tenor of their way, till the year 1675, the date of the outbreak of the dreadful conflict so well known in New England history by the name of *King Philip's War*. I say, as far as appears, such was the fact; for our Barnstable fathers were men of such business-like habits, they had so little taste for parade, and were so unconscious of the figure which what they were doing and suffering was suited to make in the eyes of posterity, that one may look through the records belonging to a period known from other sources to have been beset with all sorts of hardship and peril, and, unless there was something which needed to be brought to the test of a vote in town meeting, he shall find not the slightest allusion to the momentous events, which every burdened and anxious day was bringing forth. He turns these faded leaves to find some note of the spasmodic struggles, which were made in every high place and every low place, throughout the sad borders of the Plymouth Colony, to meet the dreaded Indian enemy; of the anguish which was brought daily into these village homes, by tidings from the distant field; and all that meets his eye, on the scantily covered page, is some proper, no doubt, but to us insignificant matter of municipal regulation, some law for the branding of sheep, the yoking of swine, or repairs upon the highway.

From two or three incidental facts, however, of the most agreeable character, we infer what direction the industry of the Cape towns had already taken, during the first forty

years of their existence. We learn, from the Plymouth records, that in June, 1673, the excise on Cape Cod mackerel,—the excise, not the bounty, as in these better days for the fisheries,—was lessened, to citizens, from twelve pence to six pence, and to foreigners from two shillings to one shilling on the barrel; and in the same year the revenue from the Cape fishery was permanently appropriated to the support of Grammar school instruction;—could our cod and mackerel, fellow-citizens, have been put to a better use? Our Nantucket friends are now proud, and justly, of their whale fishery, the adventurous enterprise of which extorted the magnificent eulogy of Edmund Burke. We have no grudge against the laurels which they have earned so well, and wear so gracefully. But neither would we have them forget the beginning of their greatness. Like so many other good things, the skill of their death-play with the sea monster is to be traced to the practice of our Barnstable fathers. In their records for 1690, they may find it written: "One Ichabod Paddock *came from Cape Cod*, to instruct the people in the art of killing whales."

None who are listening to me need to be told that rarely has any people passed through a crisis of dismay and suffering, like what befell these infant colonies, in their life-struggle against the Indian confederacy, arranged by the Sachem of Mount Hope. Rarely has what was to be done and borne been in such immense disproportion to the means possessed. The political talent and energy of Philip were far above the standard, at which we are accustomed to rate the aboriginal races. He had succeeded in enlisting in his plot all the hitherto discordant, or, at least, jealously independent tribes, within the limits of New England, and in nerving them with the desperate courage of a determination, that, the tomahawk once raised, the issue should be extermination to the one party or the other. From the first rising, the war swept, with its train of most unsparing horrors, wherever there was a white settlement, from the mountains to the bay, and from the St. Lawrence to Long Island Sound. The red man encamped at night by the blaze of Christian dwellings, and rose in the morning to another quest of blood. The burning of Lancaster, and the

slaughter of Bloody Brook were no more than two of the most vivid of the rapidly shifting scenes of that awful tragedy. The Indian mood was not so much hate as frenzy;

> "It spared not, in its murderous rage,
> Childhood, or womanhood, or age."

The population of the four colonies, at the time, has been variously estimated at from thirty-six thousand to fifty thousand; that of Plymouth was about seven thousand five hundred. The Indian tribes were around them and among them, over the whole length and breadth of New England. Under such circumstances, common men would only have despaired. The colonists were not common men, and they did not despair. All seemed against them; but they had stout English hearts, and stout yeomen's hands, and the protection of the availing prayers that went up from pious homes; and, at length, by the blessing of the God of hosts, they triumphed. But it was a triumph won at almost intolerable cost. "About six hundred," says Trumbull, "of the inhabitants of New England, the greatest part of whom were the flower and strength of the country, fell in battle, or were murdered by the enemy. A great part of the inhabitants of the country were in deep mourning. There were few families, which had not lost some near relation or friend. Twelve or thirteen towns in Massachusetts, Plymouth, or Rhode Island, were utterly destroyed, and others greatly damaged. About six hundred buildings, chiefly dwellinghouses, were consumed." The pecuniary burden of the war was so great, that the share of Plymouth Colony is believed to have nearly or quite equalled the whole personal property of its inhabitants. No considerable aid towards the discharge of this debt was received from abroad. Boston, after its manner in all times, and Connecticut, made donations; and the city of Dublin sent a hundred and twenty-five pounds, the only contribution from the parent country. The pressure was such, as made the time of decisive triumph a time of profound gloom and distress.

The vigor, with which this war was conducted on the part of the colonists, appears the more remarkable, and yields the more gratifying assurance of what there is in the transplanted English stock, which never is so lost by disuse, but

that the proper circumstances will draw it out again, when we consider, that the contest was conducted by men whose whole previous life had been passed in peaceful occupations. From 1624, when Standish had a skirmish with the Indians near Weston's plantation, the Plymouth people had never been at war with the natives; though, in 1637, it is true they had raised levies to assist the Massachusetts colony, if need should be, against the Pequots. Nor, from the time of the Pequot war to that of King Philip, thirty-eight years, time enough for the former generation to pass away, had even the Massachusetts settlers had any experience in arms.

Of the part, which the town of Barnstable bore in the deeds and sufferings of this terrible contest, there is nothing upon its records to inform us. Of the new levy, however, of three hundred Plymouth men, in the spring of 1676, Barnstable was called on for one-tenth part; and in its share of the disbursements of one period of the war, which probably is to be taken for a sample of others, it is found to have been exceeded by only two other towns, namely, Scituate and Rehoboth. Matthew Fuller, captain of one of the Barnstable train-bands, was surgeon-general of the forces, and John Gorham, the first of the name in this place, commanded one of the two companies of the Plymouth contingent, in which service he died, towards the close of the expedition, of a fever, contracted in its dreadful fatigues and exposures.* In the spring of 1676, the four Cape towns, Sandwich, Barnstable, Yarmouth and Eastham, sent a deputation to the inhabitants of the more exposed settlements of Rehoboth, Taunton and Bridgewater, with a pressing invitation to come to them with their movable property. The answers to this proposal, which remain

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*John Gorham, born in Benefield, Northamptonshire, was in Plymouth as early as 1643. The now numerous family of that name in this country are descended from him and his wife Desire, daughter of John Howland and of his wife Elizabeth, who, according to the uniform Plymouth tradition, was a daughter of Governor Carver, born in England. The Plymouth Court made a grant of a hundred acres of that beautiful tract, called "Papasquash Neck," near Bristol, Rhode Island, to the heirs of Captain Gorham, "for as much as hee hath performed good service for the country in the late warr."

among the manuscripts of Governor Hinckley, in the Historical Society's Library, breathe such a grateful and devout spirit, as it delights one to contemplate. They call it "a great offer," and "return serious thanks for the sincere and abundant love" evinced by it, but decline to accept it, "lest," they say, "we should betray much diffidence and cowardice, and give the adversary occasion to triumph over us, to the reproach of that great and fearful name of God, that is called on us."

My remarks on this early period have unintentionally been so far extended, that it will be necessary to abridge what is to be said respecting the events of later times. Sixteen years after the close of Philip's war, on the 14th of May, 1692, Sir William Phips arrived in Boston, with the Provincial Charter of William and Mary, by virtue of which instrument, this town and county, with the rest of the old Plymouth Colony, became part of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. It was natural, that a community, whose beginning and progress had been like that of Plymouth, should be averse to a change, that was to destroy its individual existence, and make it a mere appendage to a more populous and powerful commonwealth; nor, at this day, is it possible to think, without strong sensibility, of the closing of a history, which, though of a population probably at no period more than thrice as great as that of this single town at the present time, has exerted such a vast influence on the condition of mankind, and assumed permanently such a conspicuous place in the world's annals. But, whatever natural feeling might dictate, practically there were no important evils in the measure, and some considerable benefits; and the men of that time were candid and calm enough to see this; so that the new arrangement was acquiesced in with less discontent, than might have been anticipated, and the more readily, as there had been an apprehension of a purpose, on the part of King William's advisers, to annex the Plymouth Colony to that of New York. Plymouth could bear to be merged in the kindred English community of Massachusetts; but to be fastened to the Dutch population of the other province was a different and less agreeable thing, though the Prince of Orange, who

was now king of England, might not see the difficulty in the same serious light.

At the time of the annexation of Plymouth to Massachusetts, Thomas Hinckley, of Barnstable, was governor of the former colony. He was a native of England, where he was born in the year 1618. Before 1639, he had come over, with his father Samuel, to Scituate, and, as a member of his family, removed in that year to this place. From an early age, he was appointed to important trusts in the town affairs; became a Deputy to the Colony Court as early as 1645; and in 1658 was elected Assistant to the Governor. To this office he was annually reappointed till 1681, when he was advanced to the office of Governor, which office he sustained during the remaining eleven years of the existence of the colony, with the exception of the three years of the usurpation of Sir Edmund Andros. In 1675, 1676, 1678, and the fourteen following years, he was one of the two Commissioners for Plymouth in the Board of Commissioners of the United Colonies. He lived and died in a house which stood opposite to the present dwelling of Mr. Jabez Nye, about two miles west from this place. His death, at the advanced age of eighty-eight, took place in 1706; and what of him was mortal lies interred in the upper burying-ground, marked by a stone which will continue to attract the steps of many and many a pilgrim, alive to the worth of our wise and good New England fathers.

Governor Hinckley's course, distinguished, and, on the whole, prosperous as it was, was not without its vicissitudes and vexations. From some incidents of it, it is necessary to infer, that he was a man of much energy of purpose, which, when conciliation,—and that, too, not very abundant conciliation,—did not avail, was not averse to the use of urgency and coercion. He first came into the Board of Assistants on the ground of the strong part which he took against the Quakers, superseding Cudworth, who was for dealing with them more leniently. On the other hand, he did not escape the charge of undue pliancy in respect to one important measure, that of his consenting to take office under the administration of Andros. The same step, however, was taken by two of his townsmen, Thomas Walley

and Barnabas Lothrop, who, like him, defended it as enabling them to exert an agency in staying the arbitrary proceedings of King James's governor; and the honesty of their plea cannot be doubted, whatever may be thought of the wisdom of the course. During this mournful period of misrule, the place which Governor Hinckley held in the administration did not prevent him from distinguishing himself, by the earnestness of his representations on the subject of existing evils, in a petition to the King; nor does the part which he took in any of the transactions of the period appear to have occasioned any permanent abatement of the public confidence. While the question of a separate charter for Plymouth was pending, he seems to have been wanting in no proper endeavor to bring about the measure; and it was thought a great object to secure his services, had circumstances permitted, to proceed to England on the business. In what is said to his praise, it ought never to be omitted, that he had qualities to secure a matrimonial prize, such as, if the reports of the day are to be trusted, falls to the lot of few. His second wife, to whom he was united more than forty-three years, appears to have possessed a character excellently suited to correct the occasional impetuosity,—the acerbity, if so in any degree it were,—of his own. It was said of her by Prince, the historian, her grandson, that, "at Barnstable, she, to the day of her death, appeared and shone, in the eyes of all, as the loveliest and brightest woman, for beauty, knowledge, wisdom, majesty, accomplishments, and graces, throughout the colony;" and her husband's own tribute to her memory, written at the age of eighty-five, breathes not indeed the most tuneful spirit of song, but the very tenderest soul of affection. A few of the lines are as follows:

> "Death was no terror unto her, nor fear;
> No ghastliness did in her face appear,
> But sweet composure, in her life, and death,
> When her dear soul she, in her final breath,
> Resigned to him whom she beheld in faith;
> Whose own she was, and with him longed to be,
> Where she is free from sin and misery;
> Is entered into perfect, endless rest,
> And with the blest above is ever blest."

After Governor Hinckley,—if indeed we are to say after him,—there was no more eminent citizen of our town,

during the term of the independence of Plymouth colony, than James Cudworth. I say, "of our town," because he was one of the company, which came, in 1639, with Mr. Lothrop, though he remained here only a few years. He was born in England, and was, in 1634, with the earliest settlers at Scituate; after his return to which place, he was, in 1649, elected a Deputy to the General Court, and, in 1656, an Assistant to the Governor. In 1655 and 1657, he was also a Commissioner of the United Colonies. In 1658, in consequence of his views of the public policy respecting the Quakers, views more indulgent towards that sect than suited the spirit of the time, he was left out of the magistracy, being superseded by Hinckley, as I have already mentioned, in his office of Assistant. At the accession, in 1673, of Governor Josiah Winslow, who reposed in him the highest confidence, he was appointed commander of an expedition against the settlement at New York, of the Dutch, with whom a war seemed then impending. At the breaking out of King Philip's war, he was made commander of the Plymouth forces. In 1681, when Hinckley was chosen Governor, Cudworth succeeded him in the office of Deputy-Governor; and, in the same year, was sent to England to solicit a charter from the crown, in place of the patent from the Plymouth company, which was all the authority the colony had yet had for administering its affairs. He died in London soon after his arrival. Mr. Baylies, in his History of the Old Colony, says, "The moral character of Cudworth stands out in bold relief. * * * * * * * From the maxims of his pious philosophy, believing that he was not called by God to fill the high places of the state, he reconciled himself to his obscurity and privacy, and preferred the retirement of his farm to the highest civic and military honors." Let me illustrate this modesty of his, and, at the same time, something of the domestic habits of the period, by a quotation from his letter in reply to the Governor's communication of his appointment to lead the expedition against the Dutch, "The place," says he, "is not below me nor beneath me, as some deem theirs to be, but is above me, and far beyond any desert of mine; and, had the Court been well acquainted

with my insufficiency for such an undertaking, doubtless I should not have been put in nomination. Besides, it is evident to me, upon other considerations, I am not called of God unto this work at this time. The estate and condition of my family is such as will not admit of any such thing. My wife, as is well known to the whole town, is not only a weak woman, and has been so all along, but now, by reason of age, being sixty-seven years and upwards, and nature decaying, so her illness grows more strongly upon her. Never a day passes but she is forced to rise at break of day, or before. She cannot lie, for want of breath. And when she is up, she cannot light a pipe of tobacco, but it must be lighted for her. And she has never a maid. That day your letter came to my hands, my maid's year being out, she went away, and I cannot get or hear of another. And then, in regard of my occasions abroad, for the tending and looking after all my creatures, the fetching home my hay, that is yet at the place where it grew, getting of wood, going to mill, and for the performing all other family occasions, I have now but a small Indian boy, about thirteen years of age, to help me. Sir, I can truly say, that I do not in the least waive the business out of an effeminate or dastardly spirit; but am as freely willing to serve my king and my country as any man whatsoever, in what I am capable and fitted for; but do not understand, that a man is so called to serve his country with the inevitable ruin and destruction of his own family."

So little was there of state, in those times, in the household economy of the commander-in-chief in a foreign war; so little of the lust of office had the New England statesmen and soldiers of the seventeenth century. Indeed, it is amusing and touching at once to see how hard in those days it was to induce men to be willing to be great. "If now or hereafter," says a Plymouth law of 1632, "any are elected to the office of Governor, and will not stand to the election, nor hold and execute the office for his year, he shall be amerced in twenty pounds sterling fine; and in case refused to be paid upon the lawful demand of the ensuing Governor, then to be levied out of the goods or chattels of the said person so refusing."

When Plymouth colony came to its end, our fathers were not insensible to the interest of the occasion, and their last public act was to appoint a day for public fasting, humiliation and prayer. Modest, sublime men; not a day of thanksgiving to praise God for the pregnant, the unparalleled part, which, in their short political life, they had been permitted to act in the world's history, but a day of fasting and humiliation to lament their sins and short-comings, and implore forgiveness for having done no more. What an outpouring of pious hearts before God must that day have witnessed in the sanctuary and the closet! What would we not give to penetrate the privacy of our Barnstable Governor that day, and read, in some record which he might have kept, the swelling thoughts that must almost have burst his magnanimous bosom;—him who had stood by the cradle of the brave colony, had been from first to last the associate in weal and woe of its great and good men, and now had lived, himself the chief among the living, to see, as that day's sun went down, the last chapter written up in its immortal annals.

The fall of Philip and capture of Annawon, who, with something of his spirit, had succeeded to the command of his forces, quieted the settlers in the possession of New England; and the annexation of Plymouth to Massachusetts, destroying its distinct political existence, and so lessening its responsibility for public measures, as well as removing the seat of its government to a distance, caused its towns to have less concern than heretofore with the conduct of affairs. Also, as I have before remarked, in quiet times the people of the Cape have always been a quiet people, in respect to movements which furnish the material of history; being content then to expend their energies in profitable industry, at the same time holding themselves ready to serve the general cause as often as it really needed to be served. That they actually had a part in what was doing from time to time, we learn more from scattered memorials elsewhere, than from records of their own. In 1704, Lieutenant-Colonel John Gorham, whose body lies at the northeast corner of this church, commanded the whale-boats in the expedition under Colonel Church, against the eastern French

and Indians, as he had done fourteen years before, in the expedition against Canada, under Sir William Phips. Indeed, this command of Cape whale-boats, which, in the want of a better marine, seem to have been relied on, in those times, as a formidable force, appears to have been a kind of heirloom in that family; as in 1745, at the capture of Louisburg, another Gorham commanded the squadron of whale-boats, which, in an attack upon the "island battery," so called, did the only hard fighting which occurred in the course of that most memorable enterprise.

As to matters of mere municipal concern, we find that nearly all, which were of interest, related to the proceedings of the parish, which, for seventeen years within the last century, continued to be coextensive with the town. In 1702, eighty acres of land were appropriated to the maintenance of a school or schools, and eighty more to the support of the ministry. The Reverend Mr. Russell, the third minister, called by Dr. Chauncy "an eminent and worthy man," died February 2d, 1711. After his death the question of a division into two parishes began to be moved. The proposal was met by strong opposition, and it labored unsuccessfully for four or five years. A record, in 1716, of the appointment of Colonel Gorham and Mr. Thacher as a committee to attend the church meeting in behalf of the *new church*, shows, that the friends of the plan had resolved, and were persons of sufficient substance, to carry it into effect. The following year, (the meetinghouse, which was lately removed from the place where we stand, then called Cobb's Hill, having been already erected without a parish organization,) an ecclesiastical council of the neighboring churches advised to a division into the East and West parishes, prescribing as a condition of the arrangement, that the minister, the Reverend Jonathan Russell, who had been ordained the year after his father's death,* should make his election which of the parishes he would continue to serve. He elected to serve the West parish; specifying, in his reply, that the consideration which decided him so to do,

*October 29th, 1712.

against inducements of a contrary tendency, was, that in that part of the town he had most friends.

The West parish presently proceeded to build a new house of worship, the same which to this day they occupy; and the old church, which had stood only since 1681 (having been then erected at the cost of one hundred pounds sterling, in the interval between the ministries of Walley and the first Russell), was consequently deserted. Its site was on the top of the hill, ten rods west of the house of the late Sturgis Gorham. The East parish, which bought the meetinghouse, lately removed, of its builders, for four hundred and fifty pounds, continued destitute of a minister for eight years; at the end of which time, on the 12th of May, 1725, Mr. Joseph Green was ordained. In 1726, the peace of the West parish was invaded by that fruitful occasion of breach of harmony, difference of opinion respecting the manner of conducting the musical part of the service; and so far did the dispute proceed, that "the church and society," says the record, "called upon the civil officers to detect and bear testimony against such iniquity." Mr. Russell died September 10th, 1759. His successor, ordained in October of the following year, was the late Reverend Oakes Shaw, father of the present Chief Justice of Massachusetts. The two ministries of Mr. Russell and Mr. Shaw covered the term of a complete century, within five years. Mr. Green, of the East parish, died October 4th, 1770, and was succeeded, April 10th, 1771, by Mr. Timothy Hilliard, who, after twelve years' service, was dismissed at his own request, and ended his days as minister of the church in Cambridge.

Within the limits of the period, to which the events thus hastily glanced at belong, a son of Barnstable had done a work, and attained a glory, scarcely equalled by any great name of the American continent. On the 5th of February, 1725, in a farmhouse at Great Marshes, which within a few years has gone to decay and been removed, but which, could money and art have preserved it, the gratitude of an emancipated people should have made to stand forever, was born *the pioneer of the American Revolution*, James Otis.

I do not, fellow-citizens, call him the pioneer of American

freedom. That is an honor which belongs not to any man, but to the men, the brave men,—not one, but many,—who, with a noble scorn, left everything they loved but liberty behind them on the other continent, and to whom and to whose children in the succeeding generations, here, on "this outside of the world," as they called it, freedom was an ever-present blessing, and the independence that should make it securely theirs, an ever-present vision of the future. But, in the accomplishment of all its great purposes, Providence employs eminent instruments. The host, that moves on in solid column for the triumphs of humanity, has always a vanguard. And as long as the question shall be asked, Whose ardent step pressed on foremost in that front rank, in the great action of American independence,—whose masculine understanding fastened the public grasp on the immovable pillar of right,—whose burning eloquence fanned that flame in this nation's bosom, which never expires till the right is won, or till there is no more martyrs' blood left to flow?—history will have to reply, that that illustrious instrument was the Barnstable boy whom I have named.

I do not propose, fellow-citizens and friends, to present to you a sketch of so much as the public life of James Otis. It is matter of too familiar history; and, besides, I might as well attempt to give an account of all of those measures, preparatory to the war of the Revolution, which took place between the time of his argument against the Writs of Assistance, in 1761, and that of the injury, which, in 1769, impaired his capacity for the management of public affairs. His individual greatness came not the less naturally for being attached to a long Barnstable ancestral line. The family from which he sprang was of ancient consideration in our town. John Otis, whose grandfather, of the same name, had emigrated from England to this country, and become one of the first settlers of Hingham, was born in that place in the year 1657, and removed, when a young man, to Barnstable, where he lived to attain the age of seventy years, having for twenty years represented the town in the General Court, and been twenty-one years a Counsellor of the province, besides filling the offices of

Judge of Probate, and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. His son James, commonly spoken of as Colonel Otis, born on the paternal estate in 1702, were not his fame eclipsed by that of his greater son, would fill a larger place in history than he now does, which, however, is by no means small. He was educated to a mechanical employment, but, gradually yielding to those impulses which so often betoken to a wise man the destination which Providence has assigned to him, he gave some of his spare time to the study of law, whence he became known, in the first place, as a skilful conveyancer, and, ultimately, rose to the best practice at the bar in this and the neighboring counties. He obtained, at the same time, distinction and influence in public life. At the period of the arrival of Governor Bernard, in 1760, he was Speaker of the House of Representatives, of which body he was a member from this town. The appointment of Governor Hutchinson to be Chief Justice was a disappointment to the friends of Colonel Otis, it having been expected by them that he would be promoted to the supreme bench on the first vacancy; and Hutchinson, in his "History," under an impulse naturally enough operating on his mind under the circumstances, does not hesitate to ascribe to the offence then taken, the subsequent political course of the family. Colonel Otis was, at one time, a Justice of the Common Pleas and Judge of Probate, as well as Colonel of the county militia, while several of his family and relatives held other public trusts; and the gossip of the day explained this on the ground, that Governor Bernard, perceiving the unfriendly impression which had been made on Colonel Otis's mind, endeavored to propitiate him by the grant of the whole patronage of the county; a statement, which is now of no other interest, than as it shows the importance attached in the popular estimation to his proceedings. He was several times negatived by Governor Bernard, when elected to the Council Board; but was admitted to it by Governor Hutchinson, in 1770, and was still a member of it at the beginning of the war. He died in the month of November, 1778.

Of this parent, and of Mary Allyne, of Connecticut, his wife, was born James Otis, the younger, being the eldest of

their thirteen children. He made his preparation for the University in his native town, under the care of his minister, Mr. Russell, and entered that institution at the commencement of 1739, just one hundred years ago. After completing the term of residence, he gave a year and a half more to a course of general study, and then entered upon that of the law under the direction of Jeremy Gridley, at that time the most eminent counsellor of the province. Having been admitted to the bar, he passed two years at Plymouth, in legal practice, removing, in 1749, to Boston, the great theatre of his fame, where he devoted himself to professional labors, without evincing any ambition for public place. It was in 1761, that the occasion occurred which has so permanently connected his name with the history of liberty. The question, which came to involve all that was at issue between the mother country and the colonies, was, whether General Search Warrants, called *Writs of Assistance*, might legally be granted to officers of the Customs, to give them admittance to suspected houses. The negative was of course argued by Otis; Oxenbridge Thacher, a worthy coadjutor, being the junior counsel, and Gridley, Otis's master, appearing for the custom house.

Even if the time allowed, it would hardly be in place for me to give here a sketch of the magnificent argument held on that occasion by him whose fame is ours. What belongs to history is the effect produced. "Otis," said President Adams, the elder, who was one of his delighted hearers, and whose own ardor in the revolutionary cause it might not be too much to ascribe, in part, to the stirring influences of that hour, "Otis was a flame of fire. With a promptitude of classical allusions, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eyes into futurity, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. *American Independence was then and there born.* The seeds of patriots and heroes, to defend the 'non sine diis animosus infans,' the god-befriended, vigorous child, were then and there sown. Every man of an immense, crowded audience, appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take arms against Writs of Assistance.

Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain. Then and there the child, Independence, was born. In fifteen years, that is, in 1776, he grew up to manhood, and declared himself free." The same venerable witness testified, on another occasion, "I do say, in the most solemn manner, that Mr. Otis's oration against Writs of Assistance breathed into this nation the breath of life."

Mr. Otis was returned, the same year, for the town of Boston, to the House of Representatives, in which he immediately became the leader of the popular party, influencing the measures of that body more than any other member, and preparing most of the important papers. During one of his speeches, the cry of "Treason!" was raised, in consequence of a sally, similar to one in a speech of Patrick Henry, which excited the same cry in the Virginia House of Burgesses. In 1762, he published, with his name, a pamphlet, in respect to the importance of which I again quote President Adams. "Look," he says, "over the declarations of Rights and Wrongs, issued by Congress in 1774. Look into the Declaration of Independence in 1776. Look into the writings of Dr. Price and Dr. Priestley. Look into all the French constitutions of government; and, to cap the climax, look into Mr. Thomas Paine's 'Common Sense,' 'Crisis,' and 'Rights of Man.' What can you find that is not to be found, in solid substance, in Mr. Otis's 'Vindication of the House of Representatives'?"

But I am in danger of pursuing,—which I must forbid myself to do,—an account of the labors which shed such a glory on the crowded period of his public life. It was a career, alas! short as well as brilliant. Its tragical end,—more tragical than if it had been only death that closed it,—needs hardly be referred to. A blow, received in a barbarous assault by a mob of British officers in the year 1769, made a wreck of one of the noblest intellects which the inspiration of the Almighty ever endowed. That more than imperial voice, to whose still deepening echoes the world has ever since been listening, had lost its cunning to melt, to inform, to arouse, to affright, to overwhelm. "Like sweet bells jangled, harsh, and out of tune," no

friend could have the heart to mourn, when the once wonderful mechanism was stopped and put by. Two years more witnessed a not feeble, but yet not satisfactory, struggle to persevere in the accustomed course of action. But at length the endeavor was sadly relinquished; retirement and quiet were wisely sought; and on the 23d day of May, 1783, in the town of Andover, the retreat of his feeble years, a stroke of lightning brought the consummation, which, under the circumstances, it would have been cruel to lament.

So died James Otis, *the pioneer of American Independence*, the illustrious Barnstable boy. In reference, of course, to his services, some one has said, that "no spot in the country has made such a gift to the country, as the spot called Great Marshes, in Barnstable." Let us be content to make one exception for the birthplace of the peerless man, who was "first in war, and first in peace," and then we may be bold to stand by the remark, without further qualification. Our great compatriot rests not in his native earth. The soil covers him, which was the scene of his riper honors. But, if our ancient graveyard may not have that precious deposit, where rather would we have it lie, than where it lies? And what matter, whether buried here or there? His monument is in every free land. Buried, do I say? Such souls are buried nowhere. What is life upon earth, if it is not theirs who live in the wisdom of enlightened, in the spirit of free, in the prosperity of prosperous communities? Who lives, if he does not, whose influence is felt wherever, upon earth, the great victories of humanity are winning?

Others of this Barnstable household deserved well of their country. Two brothers of James Otis, the younger, are well remembered by many of us; Joseph, commonly known as General Otis, who passed his life in his native town, filling several important municipal and state offices, and taking a lead in the revolutionary movements of this section of the state, and who died here in the office of Collector of the Customs; and Samuel Allyne, who was successively a member of the Provincial Board of War, Commissary of the Provincial Army, a member from Boston of the Legislature

of the Commonwealth, a Representative in the last Congress under the Confederation, and Secretary of the United States' Senate, under the Federal Constitution; which last trust, through all changes of parties, he retained till his death, in 1814. He was father of our eminent contemporary, Harrison Gray Otis.

James Otis, as we have seen, was incapacitated for public action, before the revolutionary struggle, for which he had prepared the way, came on; though he lived to see its happy close. Had the measures of the town of Barnstable, as of other Massachusetts towns, in relation to that conflict, been registered at the time, they would make a history of the most animated interest. But the village fathers little imagined how the eye of posterity would strain after every simple record they should leave. What they did, they did for the peace of their firesides, for the safety of their country, for the satisfaction of their consciences and their feelings; that it should make them famous, was a thing they did not so much as dream of. But this unconsciousness of the importance of the part they were acting, while it leaves their records much more scanty than could be wished, only gives them the more profound interest as far as they go; since we are sure, that they represent to us, in the barest simplicity of truth, the feeling and the purpose of the passing hour. Access has kindly been furnished me to a little journal kept about the beginning of the revolutionary war, by Eli Phinney, a gentleman of distinction in the town, and frequently employed in municipal trusts. It was written solely for private use, and was principally employed about private transactions; but occasionally, amidst the details of such matters as the getting in of hay, the sorting out of winter fodder for cattle, the mending of a fence, sickness in the family and the remedies applied, a ride to one neighbor's, and an evening's visit from another, is a passing reference to what was going on in the larger world; and it may be supposed to be a fair specimen of a hundred such journals kept at the time, but which no care was taken to preserve. There are passages which carry us back to the heroic age of the nation, with a vivid impression of the reality of the passing scene. For a single example, there

are a few lines relating to the stir made at this place by the first news of the Lexington fight;—Lexington being, as you know, some eighty miles from Barnstable, the means of communication being very different from what they now are, and great part of the people of the latter place having probably not so much as known of the existence of the former, till they heard that the blood of Massachusetts men had been shed there by British mercenaries. Here is the record I speak of.

"*20th April, Thursday.* Received the dreadful news of an engagement." The engagement did not terminate till Wednesday at evening; and yet, on Thursday, they knew of it on the Cape. There were then no railroads, nor so much as fast coaches; if there had been, the news could not have waited for them; it flew through Massachusetts as if the indignant winds of Massachusetts had charge of it. "Received the dreadful news of an engagement between the Regulars and Provincials, at Lexington." "Dreadful," Deacon Phinney calls it on Thursday, the 20th; and well he might, being a man of peace. But, how dreadful? Did he mean to say it was news to be frightened at? And were the people, on Friday, wondering what would come next, or sending up their submission to General Gage? Let us see.

"*21st April, Friday.* Soldiers mustered. Sent off nineteen men from our company." And I warrant, fellow-citizens and friends, those nineteen stout Barnstable frames reported themselves at General Ward's headquarters at Cambridge as soon as nature's vehicles could bring them there.

But here was a spasm. Three days and nights passed, and they had time to sleep over their rage, and go to church too, and get calm. What were they about at the end of that time? In what mood did they begin the next week? Let us ask our concise chronicler.

"*24th April, Monday.* Training our company." They did not know what, by this time, might have become of the nineteen men, and they meant that, if need should be, there should be ten times nineteen to follow them. *Training our company!* There could hardly be a greater economy of words. But imagination easily fills up the picture. Friday,

they had shaken hands with their nineteen friends, selected perhaps as readiest for the emergency, as having no wives or children to provide for. Saturday, the old muskets of the French war had been cleaned, the flints and cartridge boxes looked to, and blankets folded in the compact knapsack by the loving care of trembling hands. Sunday, the favor of the God of justice and the God of hosts had been reverently sought; and nothing remained but to *train our company*, as our Deacon says, on Monday morning, and take such pains as might yet be taken, in order that the next party that went should be prepared to do its best measure of service. Yes, something, it seems, did remain in Barnstable, as was then found, towards the doing of New England justice on outrageous oppression; but it was not suffered to remain long. This was Monday the 24th. Here is the record of the next day.

"*Tuesday, 25th April.* Town meeting." They had had no town meeting till they found there was something to be done at it; getting together to harangue and pass resolutions was not a thing in their way. But, when Monday showed that something was to be done, it did not take them long to circulate a warrant. Barnstable sands are faster travelled over, on occasion, than strangers would suppose.

"*Tuesday 25th.* Town meeting to raise money to buy guns, &c. Voted three hundred pounds for a chest of arms and some ammunition."

This despatched, the next entry is, "28th. Ploughed with three teams;" and so the Diary goes back again, for the present, to its usual quiet jog over the farm.

An anecdote is related by Mr. Tudor, in his "Life of Otis," who says he had it from a living witness, which must have been connected with the marching of the first nineteen men, though Mr. Tudor erroneously speaks of "a company" having been despatched on the first day. "In the front rank, there was a young man, the son of a respectable farmer, and his only child. In marching from the village, as they passed his house, he came out to meet them. There was a momentary halt. The drum and fife paused for an instant. The father, suppressing a strong and evident emotion, said, 'God be with you all, my friends; and,

John, if you, my son, are called into battle, take care that you behave like a man, or else let me never see your face again.' The march was resumed, while a tear started into every eye." Well it might. The rhetoric of that speech might not be Greek; but the spirit was,—it was Spartan. There is commonly something else to be said to only sons, who are walking up to a ridge of bayonets.

What I have read gives some idea of the state of mind in Barnstable, at the beginning of the revolutionary contest of arms. But the Revolution did not begin when New England blood, terribly avenged before the setting of the sun, stained the meeting-house green at Lexington. Let us go a little back, and, with some help of the town records, see how our fathers stood affected while affairs were ripening for that bloody arbitration. I premise that, in looking at the Barnstable documents of that trying time, I have found no reason whatever to suppose, that foreign aid was sought in preparing them, as was sometimes in other places done, and certainly without the smallest impropriety.* Our Barnstable papers are not marked by the finish of an elaborate scholarship, but they are stamped with the clear and stern sense of men, who are no more to be cajoled out of their rights than to be violently spoiled of them; who can command the arguments of strong heads, as well as of strong arms, to maintain what is rightfully theirs. On the 26th of September, 1774, during the operation of the Boston Port Bill, and the sitting of the General Court at Salem, the town held a meeting to instruct its representative, the late Honorable Daniel Davis, senior. The form of instructions adopted, after expressing the town's persuasion, that "it will be agreeable to him to receive some instructions relative to his conduct in such a day as this is, notwithstanding its confidence in his wisdom and prudence to manage the public affairs in this time of difficulty, darkness, and distress," goes on:

"We, therefore, in the first place, instruct you, that you do all in your power to have those of our liberties that are

*For instance, the original draft of the famous resolutions of Petersham, in Worcester County, was found among the papers of Josiah Quincy, Jr.

wrested from us by arbitrary measures restored, and that those that are left be inviolably preserved."

So much for the common cause. Next, fellow-citizens of Boston, see what care your Barnstable compatriots took of you.

"2dly. That, in conjunction with your brethren of the House of Representatives, you use every legal and constitutional method to have the port of Boston opened, and made as free as before the late act of Parliament was made for blocking up the same." There is no want of explicitness in this specification.

"3dly. That you do not, in any instance, act in conformity to the late oppressive act of Parliament, entitled, 'An Act for the better regulating the government of Massachusetts Bay, in New England.'"

This, again, is plain New England English. And the next is no less so.

"4thly. That you do not join in any business with the new and unconstitutional Council, said to be appointed by *mandamus*, in consequence of the before-mentioned act.

"5thly. That you join in urging it on the Governor, that he will be pleased to call to his assistance and advice the standing Council of the Province, chosen for the current year, agreeably to the charter."

So much for the ceremonious civility, which men in earnest sometimes use, in the first resort, when they are resolved, in the last, to have their own way. The next clause may serve as a comment on its meaning, though the language runs in a little different strain.

"6thly. In case the Governor shall dissolve the House of Representatives, you are instructed to join with your brethren to resolve yourselves into a Provincial Congress, in order to consult and determine the true interest of his Majesty, and the peace, welfare and prosperity of this Province."

So ends the matter of business. Then comes the devout and kindly close.

"Lastly. We wish you a prosperous journey, and that you may have the aid and assistance of the Divine Spirit, to guide and conduct you in your arduous undertaking."

In the war which followed, Barnstable, though remote from the scene of regular conflict, had its full share of the disasters of the time. It had more than its share, because of its great dependence on the occupations of commerce and the fisheries, which were nearly annihilated by the superior marine of the enemy. The public burdens often pressed upon the point of possible endurance; but they never brought out any symptoms of faltering in the cause. In the strong excitement which acted on men's minds, and the diversity of opinions which from time to time naturally arose on the practical question, whether, in a given case, measures of greater energy or greater caution would best accomplish the end alike aimed at by all, their representative in the General Court became at one period suspected, by the majority of his associates, of being cool in his attachment to the cause; but, when the town expressed their continued confidence in him by repeated re-elections, it was not on the ground of any willingness to connive at such coolness, supposing it to exist, but because, as they alleged in their vote upon the subject, they had "by long experience found the said representative to be, in their best judgment, of a steady, unremitting zeal in their country's cause; and that, on all occasions since the commencement of hostilities between Great Britain and the United States of America, he had been ready to afford them his best advice and assistance in raising men and money for carrying on the war with the enemy; and in justice to him and to ourselves," they continue, "we must declare to the world, we know of no person among us, let his office or character be what it may, that has shown greater zeal for the defence and safety of his country." Money was liberally raised from time to time, to increase the bounty offered by the Commonwealth for enlistments in the Continental service. In the month of the Declaration of Independence, for example, I find a vote to raise one hundred and seventy-three pounds, six shillings, and eight pence, to be paid to thirteen able-bodied men, over and above what was granted by the colony, to serve in the army of the United Colonies; and in the spring of the following year, another vote, to give "fourteen pounds to each man that shall engage for three years, or ten pounds

for each man that shall engage for ten months." Considering the habits of the Cape Cod people, it is to be presumed that they did at least as much service in the war of Independence at sea as on shore. But I have not perceived in what way to obtain evidence of the particular amount of service, rendered by them on what may be almost called their native element; the less so, as the naval war of the Revolution was, in great part, carried on by private-armed vessels. A single significant fact, however, in this connection, is, that, when the ill-fated privateer, *The Arnold*, Captain James Magee, which sailed on the 30th of December, 1778, from Boston, went on shore at Plymouth the same night in a snow-storm, out of sixty-eight men of her company, who perished, ten were from this town.

When the formation of a State constitution was proposed, Barnstable insisted, in the first place, that, whatever form of government the legislature might adopt, should be submitted to the people for ratification in their primary assemblies; and afterwards was constantly strenuous for the measure which was ultimately adopted, that of calling a special convention of delegates chosen for the purpose, inasmuch as the duties perpetually pressing upon the legislature were such as to disqualify them for doing such a work with sufficient deliberation. In respect to the Articles of Confederation between the thirteen States, adopted in 1778, it manifested great jealousy. The Plymouth spirit, which, nearly a century before, had been shy of a union with Massachusetts, was now equally averse to any approach to a consolidated government, which should implicate the concerns of Massachusetts too much with those of States of a different parentage; and it is striking to see how early was urged, among the vigilant yeomanry of our own towns, that doctrine, which since, more matured, and applied to a different instrument, has been known as the Virginia and the Carolina *Doctrine of State Rights*. "It appears to us," says the Barnstable instructions, "that the power of Congress [that is, by the proposed Articles of Confederation] is too great. If the power of borrowing money and emitting bills on the credit of the United States, without any limitation and check, also regulating and directing the whole

land and naval force of the States, is forever hereafter vested in one supreme power, the future General Congress, we have no great consolation in contemplating the sovereignty, freedom, independence, power, jurisdiction and right with them remaining. You are accordingly to use your power, that none of these general powers be forever delegated to future general Congresses. But if, during the present arduous conflict with Great Britain, it may be judged necessary to vest such extra powers in the Continental Congress, we will trust, that you will use your endeavors, that the same shall be but temporary, and forever determine the case at the conclusion of the present unhappy war."

Independence was won. The Federal Constitution was adopted. A half century was finished, a few months ago, since it went into operation, giving to sense, principle, industry, courage, sobriety, enterprise, fair play to do their proper work; and Barnstable has become, what to-day we see it. What do we see it to-day? It meets our view with all tokens of being the seat of an intelligent, virtuous, efficient population. We see its harbor a scene of cheerful activity. In its fields, we look at substantial harvests,—thanks to the skill that rears them,—growing out of what looks to us like a very scanty soil. Its churches and school-houses catch our eye as we pass, proclaiming how God is reverenced, and how knowledge is prized. The ornaments of its dwellings,—tributes from every foreign clime,—tell us how few households have reared those "home-keeping youth," who, if the old bard may be trusted, "have ever homely wits." There are other things, which we do not see. We see no beggars, no idlers, no sots. The population of the town is over four thousand; its poor-house has eighteen tenants. The population of the county is thirty-two thousand; in its gaol there are three prisoners, and *those three are foreigners*. If I am correctly informed, there is not a licensed public house in the county, nor has been these three years. Its whole aspect is, to the agricultural school of economists, one perplexity and marvel.

Being desirous of seeing, with my own eyes, what I had heard of as the *beau ideal* of a sand-bank, I borrowed, three or four weeks ago, of two of my Barnstable friends, a yacht

of theirs,—a craft so graceful and luxurious, that they had better not let it be seen by any travelling prince, if they do not mean that he shall covet it,—and that night I dropped its anchor in that harbor of Provincetown, where John Carver, the Leyden Pilgrim, set the first name, that ever was set, to a primary constitution of government. When the morrow's dawn showed me what is there called *land*, and allowed me to tread it, I was prepared to say, with the Queen of Sheba, that the half had not been told me. Sand-banks! I thought I knew what they were before. I thought I had seen them. But here was what distanced all competition. The mass of sand was almost as homogeneous and unbroken, as that of water around a ship in the mid Atlantic. In one or two hollows between the undulations, (I would not positively testify to more than one,) there was what seemed like a bowl-full of earth,—not much more than could be put into the Warwick vase; and from this, (by most careful husbandry it must have been,) had been partly furnished a meal of such relish, that, at least to an appetite edged by the tonic virtue of the salt air, it could hardly have been surpassed by the daintiest Parisian board. One looked around, and asked himself how there could be here any such thing as real estate, any land-titles, any metes and bounds, where that which was to be bounded seemed so purely an accident of the last northeaster. Hear the rest, and wonder, you, who, on some southern savanna, plough a black soil, deeper than is much of the water, that our homeward-bound Barnstable keels have to furrow. In that harbor, from which it was clear there could be nothing to carry away, and to which it seemed a mystery how there could be a motive to bring any thing, the morning sun was flashing on the moist sides of an anchored fleet of fishing vessels. A row of dwellings, of substantial structure, and some of them not inelegant, lined the street, along which foot-passengers are recently, for the first time, helped over the sand by a plank side-walk, built by means of the town's share in the lately distributed *surplus revenue*. Provincetown, which had a right, on this occasion, to receive so much money, has also plenty of private funds of its citizens to lend, and has lately had a bank incorporated, to lend it

with the more advantage. I took to the sea again; for man and water there are in such close alliance, that no conveyance was to be had to enable me to prosecute by land the journey which I had meditated along the length of the Cape; and passing through a scene still all alive with this miniature navigation, along a shore which seemed built of salt-works, I cast anchor again, twenty miles further down. Here the soil proved some shades less penurious, though far enough still from rich, according to any standard commonly acknowledged. But here still,—and so it is everywhere, from the Dan to the Beersheba of the Cape,—was movement, system, competence, prosperity. There was no "nakedness of" anything but "the land" to be spied out. I saw not, upon the long road, a single house, which did not appear whole, sufficient, and comfortable; nor was there one of the several which I entered, where the neatness and comfort within did not more than keep the promise of the neatness and good order without. Will any one here tell me, that ever, along the whole length of the Cape, he saw or heard of a broken pane of glass, supplied by an old hat or an old garment, to keep out the weather?

Now, I ask, how is all this, which I have been feebly describing, to be unriddled? What have such elements to do with such a result? What does such a growth on such a soil, if, by courtesy, we are so to call it, mean? It means, that men dwell there; that there are manly minds and manly hearts; and that for such, the benignant nature within supplies what frowning nature without has denied.

The occupations of Barnstable and its neighbor towns continue, substantially, what they have been in the past generations, though, from their nature, sharing in the extension of the general wealth and prosperity of the country. The soil, wherever there is more or less of it, is cultivated, and the manufacture of salt is carried on upon a large scale; but navigation, employed in the fisheries and in home and foreign commerce, is the great, active and profitable interest. Wherever, over the world, you see the stars and stripes floating, you may have good hope, that, beneath them, some one will be found, who can tell you the soundings of Barnstable, or Wellfleet, or Chatham harbor.

The names, familiar in our town and county, figure among those of the hardy, energetic, and scientific navigators, who bring into our ports the wealth of either India, and of the conductors of those floating palaces, which, with their speed and security, makes us almost feel as if we lived again next door to our English kindred; while those names almost monopolize the shipping-papers of the vessels, which carry on the busy coasting trade between the cities of our Atlantic shore. It is believed, that, at this time, there are as many as two hundred and fifty citizens of the town, either masters or mates of vessels of different descriptions. Randolph, writing in 1676, said of this, as of other parts of Plymouth colony, that it was "supplied with all foreign commodities from Boston." He forgot to say who it was, and who it is, that brings those foreign commodities to Boston, so that they may be there to be brought away. The duck does not take to the water with a surer instinct than the Barnstable boy. He leaps from his leading strings into the shrouds. It is but a bound from the mother's lap to the mast-head. He boxes the compass in his infant soliloquies. He can hand, reef, and steer, by the time he flies a kite. The ambition of his youth is, to "witch the world with noble *seamanship*"; and his manly "march is on the mountain wave, his home"—no, no!—I am too fast,—his "home is *not* upon the deep," and, in his widest wanderings, he never forgets that it is not. His home stands on firm land, nestled among some lighthouses, which, in the blackest midnight of a polar winter, his mind's eye sees, casting their serene radiance over the wide waters, to guide him back to the goal, as it was the starting-place, of life's varied voyage. While he keeps the long night-watches, under the Cross of the southern hemisphere, his spirit is travelling half around the globe to look in at the fireside, where, the household duties of the day gone through, the mother, or the sister, or the wife, or the dear friend that is not wife, but shall be, is musing on her absent sailor. The gales of Cape Horn, or the monsoons of the Indian sea, are piping in his cordage; but clearer, and through and above all their roar, his ear is drinking in the low, sweet voice, that is lulling here his infant's distant slumber. And, whether he eyes, with the

conscious pride of art, the "thing of life" he is managing, as, all tight and trim, her upper rigging sent down, she leaps, free and sure-footed, poised by a scant edge of main-topsail, from peak to peak of the now rising, now subsiding, watery Alps, while his hoarse voice, amid the mad uproar of the elements, guides her fierce way as if by magic,—or whether, on the quiet Sabbath, in the garish sunset, or beneath the broad enveloping moonlight, his beautiful vessel skims under the line, over the level floor of ocean, with all her snowy *togging* (I should say her bravery) set, as gentle and noiseless as a flock of white doves,—still, still, loved spot of his nativity,

> "Where'er he roams, whatever realms to see,
> His heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee."

The first sign, from which the neighbors gather that the lad has been prospering, is, that the old people's house puts on a new coat of shingles, and another cow, if there needs one, is seen cropping their pasture; his second lucky adventure makes his younger brothers and sisters happy the next time they go abroad, not so much for the gayer figure it has enabled them to make, as it betokens how kindly they were thought of by one so far away; and the third,—the third is very apt to serve as an occasion for whispering in some not reluctant ear, that it is almost time he had a snug home of his own, where he could be made more comfortable after these tedious voyages.

I believe it was Cotton Mather, who, in speaking of the mother of one of his worthies, said, "She was just the parent one might have desired to be born of." He did not mean to disparage other people's mothers,—he was too well-bred an historian for that; nor do we mean to offer any slight to the places of other people's origin, if we ask whether there is any other place, to which, in preference to this, a reasonable man might reasonably desire to trace his own. We arrogate no more than the cautious Ulysses did of old, when he said of his flat and rocky Ithaca,

> "Rugged she is, but fruitful nurse of sons
> Magnanimous; nor shall these eyes behold
> Elsewhere an object dear and sweet as she."

What a gem upon the bosom of the fair globe is the coast of this our Massachusetts Bay! What a grace sits upon its

inland sweep of inclosing hills in summer! What a stern sublimity upon its rock-indented ocean boundary! How stately does it wear its naval crown! How it extends the graceful arms of its Capes, as it were to greet the affianced Ocean like a bride. And of what a grand action has it been the theatre, in the space of a short two hundred years. The books tell of the glory of the Mediterranean sea, and how civilization, knowledge, liberty, art, went forth from its borders, on their errands of blessing to the world; and surely Egypt, Greece, Italy, Spain,—these are great names, which it thrills and nerves one to utter. But they left a great work still to be done by humanity. It remained that a martyr-voice should be raised for the equal rights of man. The impartial Providence, that designed that this hemisphere, too, should not be without his glory, ordained, that from the honored coast of this bay those glad tidings of great joy should be published to the nations; and where along its beach has the beneficent doctrine found truer advocates, and where have example and experience better manifested its beneficent power, than in the midst of that very population, whose anniversary we are keeping?

Fellow-citizens and friends! we have been looking today at the records of the acts and sacrifices of the God-directed bearers of that message. We have been listening to the voices of those, who, "though dead, yet speak" to us in the meekness and majesty of a high-principled wisdom. We have turned away today from the bustling present, to live for an hour in the solemn and monitory past. We have been wandering, as it were, among the tombs of our fathers. Nay, here are their sacred relics close by us. O, for some one, with a double portion of the spirit of "Old Mortality" to do them justice! for, to my thinking, there are few spots of the earth of such eloquent sublimity, as one of these old Massachusetts burying-grounds. There is a universally admired English poem, which has for its subject "a country church-yard." But the writer, perforce, wanted some elements of poetical combination which we could have supplied to him. In his country, only the memorials of humble life are to be read in church-yards. Greatness lies in cathedral state, not under the solemn cope of heaven,

beneath the watching stars and the weeping clouds, but in Gothic aisles, and beneath over-shadowing banners. There,

> "Beneath the rugged elms, the yew-tree's shade,
> Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
> Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

And they sleep apart from the dust which a nation's reverence enshrines. Here greatness gives itself back to nature; and they who, living, have done earth good service, nestle in death to her matron bosom. Around us, beneath the bosom of the soil their virtues sanctified, our "forefathers of the hamlet" lie. But more were they than that. They were, at the same time, the statesmen and soldiers of an infant commonwealth, famous, and to be famous through all time, for costly well-deservings to the cause of truth and freedom and righteousness, the cause of man and of God. Bend, inspired builder of the lofty line, bend over those lowly foreign graves, and pour out the strains, that make what they sing immortal. But, were it mine to woo the Muse, let me have rather for my theme one of those congregations of the dead, where not lowliness alone, but lowliness and greatness, both sleeping together under one sod, may prompt the sonorous anthem. Let me be warmed rather, while I lean over one of those stones of ours, that bear the legend of men as simple and modest as hamlet ever nurtured, yet as valiant and true as ever marshalled the perilous battle, and as prudent and grave as ever sat in an empire's council-chambers. Rude poetry enough we have among our inscriptions; but then, what is it, that, in their untuned numbers, they tell of? They tell of the unambitious lives,—none could be more so,—of an industrious yeomanry; but they tell, too, of great principles, great dangers, great deeds. There lie the venerable dead, while we speak their praises, near enough for the echo to be sent back to us from the hollow ground. They lie mute and unconscious of their glory.

> "The breezy call of incense breathing morn,
> The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
> The cock's shrill clarion and the echoing horn
> No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

But, at sterner rousings than the cock's shrill clarion and the swallow's twitter, were the lowly beds of those now

unconscious sleepers used to be forsaken. They have shaken off sleep erewhile in the silent midnight, to catch again the distant sound which might prove to be the signal of barbarian assault upon the home of all they held dearest. From short slumbers in woods and marshes and snow, the *reveille* beat has roused them to put them again upon the bloody and fiery track of the Indian spoiler. The morning gun from distant fortresses, where the flaunting lily waved in short-lived defiance, has full often been their rough summons to a day of desperate duty. Let us repress a natural smile at the poetry, and own what choice materials for poetry, and own what choice materials for poetry may be clothed in very plain adornments. Some "unlettered Muse" has inscribed as follows, over the hamlet father, who lies nearest to us;

> "Here lies a valiant hero, and a saint,
> A judge, a justice, whom no vice could taint;
> A perfect lover of his country's cause,
> Her lives, religion, properties, and laws;
> Who, in his young, yea, very youthful years,
> Took up his sword 'gainst Philip and his peers."

There is more, but I read no further. Youthful adventure, patriotic daring, gravity in age, the dignity of irreproachable office, a community's successful championship, saintly piety, honor in death,—these make the intelligible heraldic blazonry, that meetly graces a Barnstable tombstone.

We have moved today, fellow-citizens and friends, among the graves of our fathers. We are about to turn away from them. Let them be for altars first, where we will pledge ourselves to one another, never to dishonor our fathers' memory. Did I say, that they sleep in their glory unconsciously around us? Who knows that? Who knows but that Lothrop, and Hinckley, and Walley, and Robinson, and Russell and Fuller, and all the sainted company have been with us, and are with us, in more intimate presence and communion than this blinding veil of flesh permits us to see? If it be so, be it our care, that no cloud of our base engendering be permitted to pass over the solemn joy of their spirits. And if the third century of Barnstable may not be what those two ages were, whose days on this day are numbered and finished, at least be it our care that that portion of it which we are to provide for shall be such, that they who come after us shall not be ashamed to tell its story.

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